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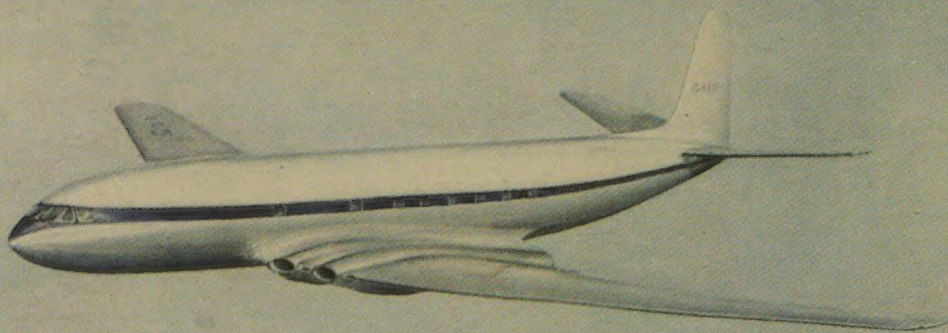
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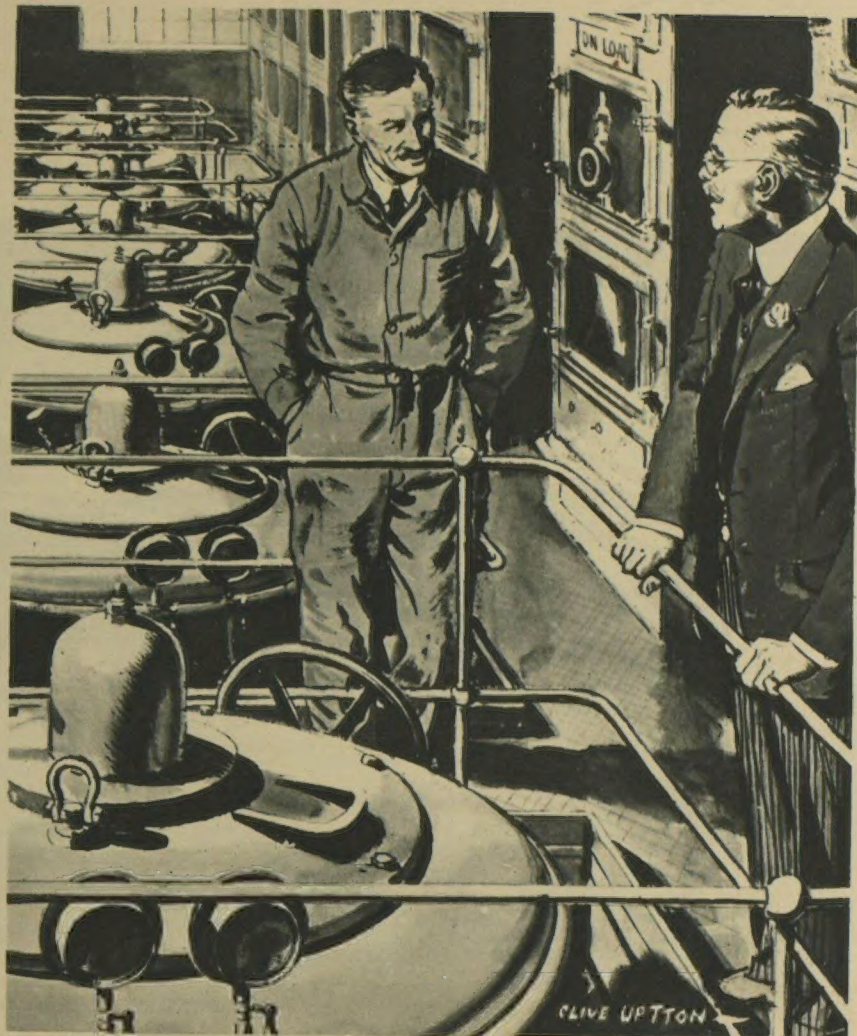
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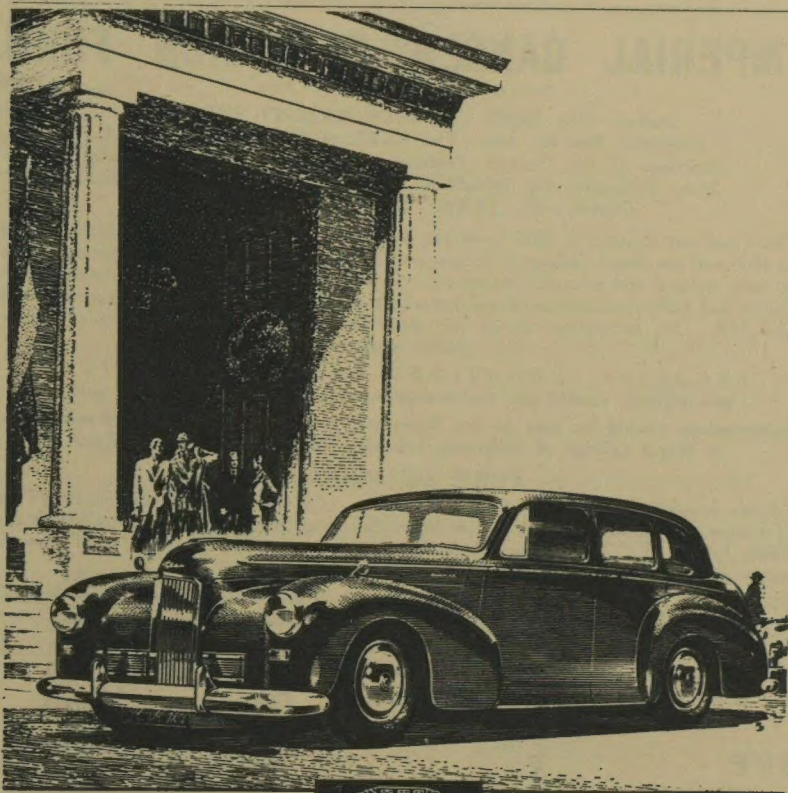
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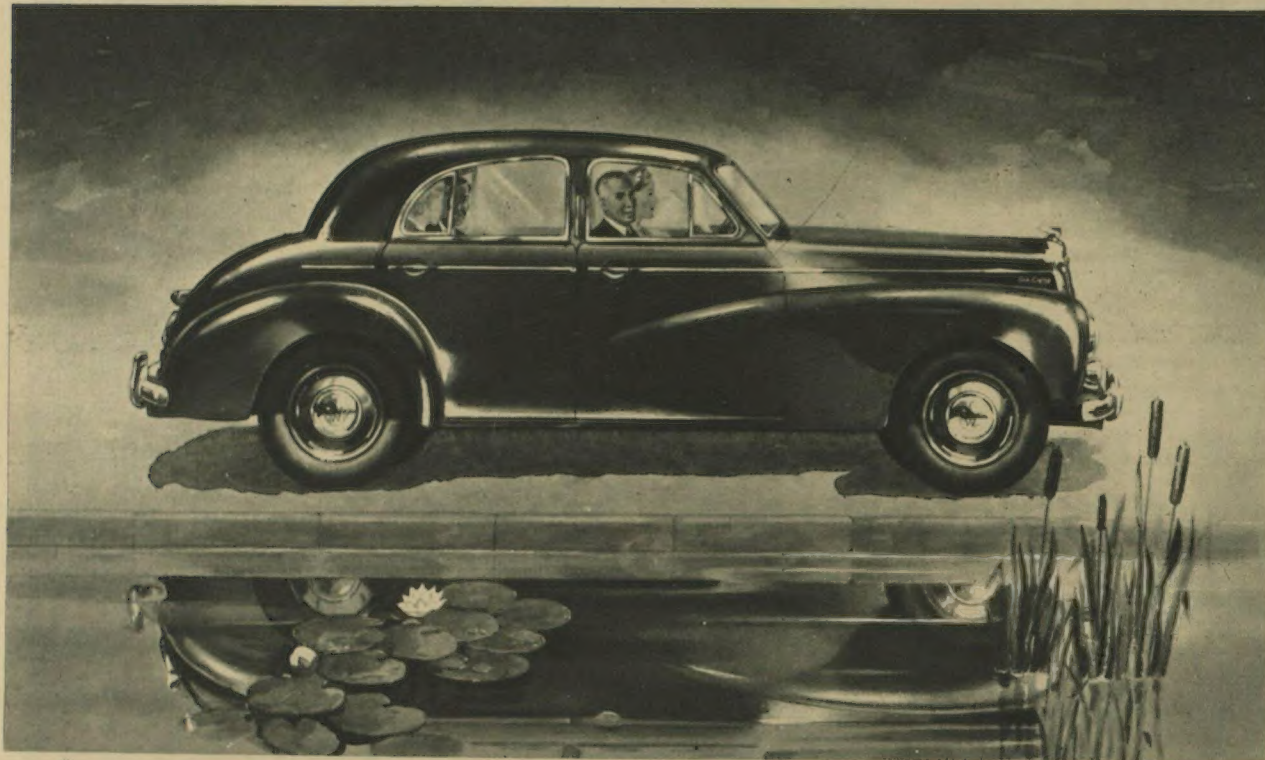
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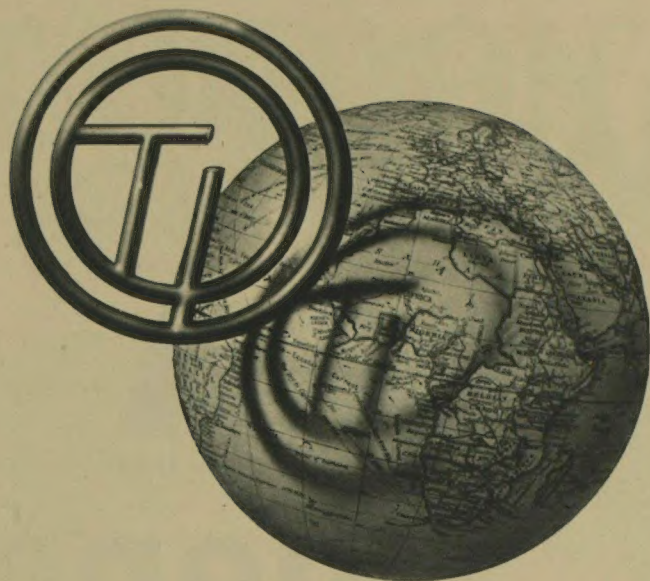
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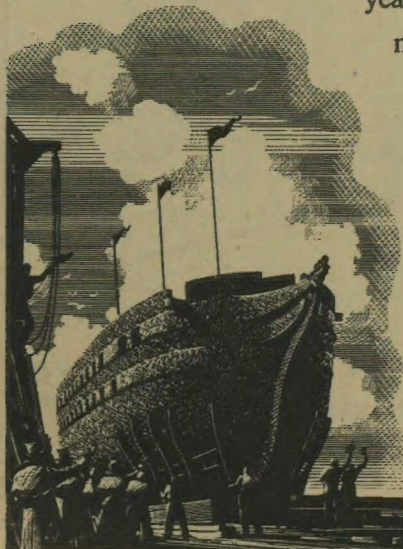
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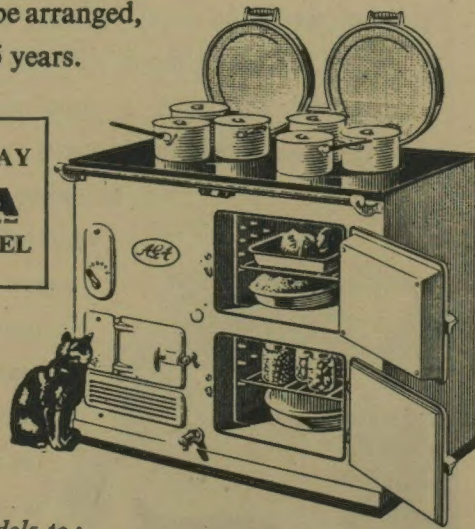
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1951.



MOUNT LAMINGTON, IN NEW GUINEA, BELCHING FORTH SMOKE AND ASH DURING AN ERUPTION. THE SECOND IN A CHAIN OF STILL-CONTINUING EXPLOSIONS WHICH FAR OUTSTRIP THE VIOLENCE OF THE ATOMIC BOMB.

Since January 18 Mount Lamington, in Papua, New Guinea, has been erupting at intervals, the worst explosions, to date, taking place on January 18 and 21, when some 4000 casualties were caused and 2000 ft. were blown off the top of the volcano. On February 18 an earthquake shook Port Moresby, Lae and other towns in New Guinea, and soon afterwards Mount Lamington

erupted twice. There were no casualties, and it was stated that there was no danger outside a ten-mile closed area round the volcano. It is interesting to compare this area with the 4.1 square miles laid waste by the atom bomb on Hiroshima. Even if the latest atomic bombs are far more destructive, it appears that man has not yet outstripped the violence of nature.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A LITTLE while ago I received a letter from a working journalist thanking me for an unimportant speech I had made, and adding: "You, and a few men like you, have helped a great many of my age who grew up in the deplorable mental climate between the wars, to recover our pride in the English tradition." No historian could ask for a higher compliment than that, and I was naturally moved by and very grateful for his letter. But the compliment was beside the point; it belonged by right not to those who interpret the English tradition but to those who by their lives have made it. It is not what anyone has written about the British squares at Waterloo, or the life's work of Florence Nightingale or of Livingstone, that has enriched the world, but what now dead, once living, Britons did during their sojourn on earth. They lived the heroism, achievement and poetry that scribes and bookworms, coming after them, distil from their lives. It is not the shadow that counts but the form that casts the shadow.

There is something very pathetic in the fact that a whole generation of Britons should have grown up unaware of the tradition of their country: the tradition, that is, of all that their forbears had done and endured which, realised and understood aright, could make life more significant for them, easier to endure, more purposeful and inspiring to live. The brilliant interpreters—misinterpreters would be the better word—who taught them to think of General Gordon as a brandy-bibber, Dr. Arnold as a pompous and laughable bore and Florence Nightingale as an intolerable Victorian busybody, cheated of their birthright those to whom they owed enlightenment for the sake of a passing titter. It was a sterile misuse of talent. It received its nemesis when those so defrauded were called upon by an inexorable Fate to die, in desert, on ocean, in jungle, for the very values and beliefs they had been taught by their elders and alleged betters to think of as worthless. It was like sending men into a battlefield without arms. Indeed, this last, proved one of the not indirect fruits of such irresponsible teaching.

What is the tradition of our country? It began with the invaders who came here in successive waves—the last of them about a thousand years ago—to find homes in a hungry and hostile world. To do so they had to cross the stormy seas in boats that to our eyes would have seemed cockle-shells, to fight for the right and opportunity of settling on this island's stubborn soil, and to wrest a living from that soil and its climate by hard and unceasing labour. They were sea-rovers, warriors, lumbermen and ploughmen; to succeed at all they had to be all four. Like their descendants who, in the seventeenth century, crossed the Atlantic to make homes in the North American wilderness and virgin forests, they had to "root, hog, or die." They might be, and frequently were, barbarous, cruel and boorish, but to survive at all they needed almost incredible qualities of daring, hardihood and endurance. Those faraway Celts, Saxons and Norsemen who laid the foundations of the England we inherit were not ignoble beings. By their own harsh, heathen standards, they were men: as valiant and enduring as those who in our own day defended Stalingrad or, a century or more ago, stormed the Badajoz breaches. By their simple virtues they laid the foundations of the world we inherit. Without them we could not stand where we stand or be what we are.

On those foundations others built. The greatest of the builders were the apostles of Christianity: the men who took their lives in their hands to convert the heathen to their creed of love—the Aidans and Augustines, the Wilfreds and Cuthberts and Bonifaces of the Age of the Conversion; the men who carved the living Church, with its fanes and towers and spires, on the fair face of the land—the Theodores and Dunstons and Langfrancs; the men of the monasteries, like Bede, who lit and kept burning in a dark, tempestuous time the flame of Christian learning; the humble

men of heart whose names are forgotten but whose work endures and who ministered to thane and ceorl, baron and villen and cottar in their little stone and wooden churches throughout the length and breadth of what through successive ages strove to become a Christian land:

And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing.

We owe the English tradition, too, to the men of State, those fathers of our law-revering polity who wrought an enduring rule of social and political life for those who came after: the noble Saxon Alfred and Athelstan, the great Norman, Angevin and Plantagenet kings and their Tudor successors, so ruthless at times, so unflinching, so resolute in their creation of the order from which in the fullness of time sprang freedom and justice and security for unborn millions, these and their Ministers. We owe it, too, to the men of Parliament who fashioned after these pioneers of a heroic age

what they had rough-hewn: to the Wentworths and Hampdens, the Pymms and Hydes and Russells who, in Forum and Senate, wrestled with one another and their own consciences to make a State in which the will of many instead of the will of one could prevail and still ensure order and peace and security for the weak and the immature. And we owe it to the colonisers and explorers and traders and, above all, to the sailors who, crossing vast oceans and struggling in barren or unfriendly places, planted a seed of England's sowing in a wider world: a seed of liberty and tolerance and mutual endeavour for mutual betterment. These are platitudes but, by the broad test of history, of what men were and have become, they are true; they formed the beacon lights on a course of progress, a course that was never, as some once sanguinely supposed, inevitable, but was only achieved through the effort and sacrifice and high endeavour of the noble dead. To them we owe our reverence, the transmission to others of what they have taught us by their lives and labour and, most of all, the imitation of the example they set us.

Nor does our debt, and our immeasurable wealth as a nation end with the work and legacy of the pioneers and warriors, the churchmen and kings and statesmen, the merchants and adventurers. Our legacy was made, too, by the husbandmen and craftsmen, the artists and writers and dreamers who fashioned the fields and barns, the homes and heirlooms, the comely furnishings and embellishments of the richest land in Christendom, the poems and songs and chronicles that have made life lovely and significant to millions. It was made by Chaucer and Shakespeare, by Johnson and Keats and Dickens, by Inigo Jones and Wren, by Purcell and Newton, and by thousands of others who put their love of English life and English inspiration into stone and wood, music and letters, manuscript and monument. It was made by

millions of devoted women, mothers and nurses and teachers, transmitters of love and tenderness, and of reverence for courage, honesty and truth, who blazoned the faith and virtue that was in them on the face of England's red-cross shield and helm as brightly as any poet or limner. It was made, too, by the saints and humanitarians who could not rest because their English consciences bade them go out like St. George, to challenge evil: the Wesleys and Howards, the Wilberforces and Shaftesburys and John Burnses who stood, like David, in Goliath's path and, being great of heart, triumphed in unequal fight! And it rests, in the last resort, on all who have died for England: who gave, in battle and mine and tempest, their lives that those who came after them should live their own more abundantly. No wonder that we owe that tradition our love and reverence and should do nothing to impair and everything that lies within our power to make it more widely shared and comprehended.

THE TASMAN YACHT RACE, 1951.



THE WINNER AND RUNNER-UP IN THE 1,300-MILE OCEAN YACHT RACE FROM NEW ZEALAND TO AUSTRALIA: SOLVEIG (MESSRS. HALVORSEN) (LEADING) AND WHITE SQUALL (MR. R. N. NORGROVE), JUST AFTER THE START FROM AUCKLAND ON JANUARY 27.

The Tasman Ocean Yacht Race from Auckland, New Zealand, to Sydney, Australia, was this year won by the brothers Halvorsen with their *Solveig* (Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, Sydney), a new sloop, 36 ft. in length, designed to obtain a favourable rating, and equipped on the same efficient lines as the Halvorsen brothers' *Peer Gynt*, with which they won in 1949 (when the race was from Sydney to Auckland) and in 1948. It was *Solveig's* second race since she came off the slips last October, her first being the Sydney to Hobart race, in which she was fifth. *White Squall*, a 33-ft. cutter owned by Mr. R. N. Norgrove (Pine Island Boating Club), was second. The Tasman race is run under handicap, and the nine competitors varied in size from the 28-ft. *Ghost* to the 59-ft. *Tara*. The 30-ft. *Hope*, a Woolacott-designed Auckland sloop, skippered by Mr. F. Norris, was third.

AVALANCHE TERROR RETURNS TO THE ALPS: ENGULFED SWISS VILLAGES.



AIROLO, IN THE SWISS ALPS AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL: (LEFT) THE VILLAGE AS IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE THE DISASTER OF FEBRUARY 13, AND (RIGHT) AFTER THE HUGE AVALANCHE HAD CRASHED THROUGH IT, BURYING FIFTEEN PEOPLE AND DESTROYING NUMEROUS HOUSES.



SHOWING THE CHAPEL, BURIED SAVE FOR ITS ORNATE TOWER: THE VILLAGE OF FRASCO, IN VAL VERZASCA, WHICH WAS STRUCK BY SEVERAL AVALANCHES, WITH RESULTING LOSS OF LIFE.



USING A HAND SIREN TO WARN HIS COLLEAGUES THAT ANOTHER FALL OF SNOW IS POSSIBLE: A RESCUE-WORKER AMID THE ENGULFED VILLAGE OF AIROLO WHICH WAS EVACUATED AFTER THE AVALANCHE.



ILLUSTRATING THE COMPLETENESS OF THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY AVALANCHES: ONE OF THE RUINED HOUSES IN AIROLO, WHERE TEN ARE FEARED TO HAVE DIED.

Alpine avalanche damage was illustrated in our issues of January 27 and February 3. It was hoped that the danger had abated, but fresh disasters occurred on February 12 and following days in Switzerland and Italy. Airolo, at the southern end of the St. Gotthard tunnel, was, at about 1 a.m. on February 13, struck by a huge avalanche, moving on a front of 200 yards, with, in places, accumulations of snow 30 ft. in height. People were buried and houses carried away. The village was evacuated, and on February 15 guards



A DRAMATIC ILLUSTRATION OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE STRUCK BY AN AVALANCHE: A STREET IN AIROLO STRUCK BY ONLY THE SMALLER PART OF THE FALL.

were still on duty to prevent inhabitants returning as air reconnaissance had revealed menacing cracks in snowfields above the village. The St. Gotthard line was blocked for some days. Val Verzasca, north-east of Locarno, suffered 200 avalanches within four miles, and the village of Frasco was struck. A number of people were buried and rescuers found six dead. Bread and medicines have been dropped from the air to villages cut off, and rescuers, both civil and military, have been working with courage and determination.



A GLORIOUS MARINE MOVING PICTURE: THE START OF THE FAMOUS TASMAN OCEAN YACHT RACE

A record field of nine yachts crossed the starting-line to compete in the famous Tasman 1300-mile yacht race from Auckland, New Zealand, to Sydney, Australia, one of the severest tests of ocean yachting in the world. Our aerial photograph shows the scene after the start—a moving picture of crowding white sails, trim

hulls, chugging pleasure launches and dashing speed-boats, the competitors easily distinguishable from the escorting fleet by their billowing spinnakers. The morning had broken fine and clear after a week of storm, and full sail was set, including the largest extras. The race was last held in 1949 (from Sydney to Auckland), when it was won

FROM AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, TO SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 27.

by the Halvorsen brothers with *Peer Gynt*, with which they also scored a victory in the event in 1948. They won again this year with *Solveig* (picture on a previous page), a new sloop 36 ft. in length. *White Squall* was the runner-up and *Hope* gained third place. *Leda*, a 54-ft. A-class cutter, owned by the Wilson brothers

of Tauranga, was first home, with a time of 12 days, 3 hours and 24 minutes. The last to reach Sydney was *Sea Wolf*, on February 13. In the previous Tasman races completed, the Norwegian yacht *Teddy* won in 1931; the German-owned *Te Rapunga* in 1935 and, as previously noted, *Peer Gynt*, Australia, in 1948 and 1949.

WHEN British teachers in military affairs insist on the importance of personality and character in leadership, intellectuals are apt to become impatient. They sense an element of distrust of their own attainments, an implied criticism, and readily bestow on the critic the label of "blimp." It may be objected that the late Lord Wavell, who wrote one of the most remarkable essays on leadership of recent times and heavily stressed the value of personality and character, does not appear to be suitably tagged with this label. There exists, however, an even better example. Napoleon has been pictured in many terms of condemnation, including that of "no gentleman"—was that not Wellington's contribution?—but no one has ever suggested that he came into the category of "blimp." The very notion is ludicrous. Yet he was as keen as any British general on the virtue of character in the commander. He remarked that, important as was what he called *esprit*, *caractère* was much more so, and that he preferred a commander who possessed *beaucoup de caractère et peu d'esprit* to one in whom the relative strength of these qualities was reversed. This was from a man who had a bewildering—his foes say a satanic—fund of *esprit* himself.

I must preface my remarks on two soldiers now in the public eye and whom I want to use as examples of what character and personality can effect in a very brief period by saying that I do not suggest either of them is lacking in high intellectual qualities or in sheer military skill and tactical ability. My view in both cases is altogether the contrary. The first of them, General Matthew Ridgway, commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, I do not know personally; but it is possible to learn a great deal about him in this country because the circumstances of his service as commander of airborne forces in the Second World War brought him into such close contact with British commanders. The other, General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in French Indo-China, I have the pleasure of knowing. Both are engaged in operations which, while entirely different in most respects, have one feature in common: that both took over in a period of disaster, both rapidly improved the situation, but neither has achieved any finality and neither can be sure that he will not have to face very shortly a renewed spell of adversity and acute danger. In both cases character has played a great part in pulling together again forces inclined to depression by defeat and in regaining a substantial measure of a lost initiative.

On New Year's Day the Chinese launched their third offensive in Korea, and for the third time the Eighth Army hurried away in retreat. A wave of pessimism spread over the United States and Britain. Sources of official information made no secret of the opinion that the forces of the United Nations would be driven back to the old position round Pusan; there it was "hoped" that a stand would be possible, but the hope sounded rather hollow. I could not see why this should be so, but, not for the first time in this campaign, began to doubt my own judgment and to be half-afraid to express it. Yet the hostile offensive stopped as abruptly as had its predecessors. Then the Eighth Army began a limited and carefully handled counter-offensive. The object was the destruction of the Chinese and North Korean divisions, not numbering more than about five all told, south of the River Han on the western side of the peninsula. The weight and power of equipment which had appeared to be a handicap when the United Nations forces passively awaited attack by the methods of the horde assaulting in torrent, were now used with devastating effect in attack. In the eastern mountains a large North Korean force which had established itself behind the front and threatened to sever the main routes to Pusan was enveloped and ground to fragments.

Meanwhile the United Nations dispositions had altered. Previously the American and European troops had been kept in a tight grouping on the left, or western, flank with the South Koreans strung out over the remainder of the front. The inference to be drawn from these arrangements was that the South Koreans could not be expected to hold, that strengthening them from the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. PERSONALITY AND LEADERSHIP.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

left wing would only result in the reinforcements being cut off, and that the wisest course was to keep the best troops together so that they could get away together if the enemy again submerged the South Koreans. It was the reverse of a confident method of arraying the forces. Now the compact block on the left was broken up; the South Koreans were reinforced; and the front became an "allied" one in a truer sense than before. Since then the South Koreans would appear to have fought much better in defence and in attack. The most remarkable change in the campaign, however, lies in the renewal of the spirit of confidence which reflects itself in the reports of correspondents, and threatens to create in the public an optimism as extravagant as the previous pessimism.

General Ridgway took over his job in the ordinary way. General de Lattre, more senior and better able to choose, deliberately sought his out and in fact never rested till it had been given to him. No one unduly careful of a reputation or having any doubt of his own powers would have selected Indo-China. Little had ever gone right there. Of late a whole series of secondary disasters to French posts and garrisons had occurred. The situation was in a way worse than in Korea, because for years rather than weeks the French and their local allies had been maintaining a creaking, straining, passive defence, than which no form of operations can be more depressing or demoralising. The equipment was worn out, so that in some cases vehicles

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RENEWAL OF THE SPIRIT OF CONFIDENCE IN KOREA: LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY, COMMANDING THE EIGHTH ARMY.

In the article on this page, Captain Cyril Falls, writing on "Personality and Leadership," chooses Lieut.-General Ridgway as one of his examples of a leader inspiring his men with confidence. Described by Field Marshal Montgomery as one of the two best Corps Commanders he ever knew, General Ridgway took over the unified command of the United Nations troops in Korea following the death of General Walton Walker in a road accident between Seoul and the 38th Parallel on December 23. Born at Fort Monroe, Virginia, in 1895, General Ridgway graduated at the U.S. Military Academy in 1917 and at the outbreak of World War II served in the War Plans Division, War Department General Staff. In 1942 he was commanding the 82nd Infantry Division, and in the same year the 82nd Airborne Division. In 1943 he planned the first large-scale U.S. paratroop operation in Sicily and jumped with the men of his Division in Normandy. Later he commanded the 8th Airborne Corps. From 1948 to 1949 he was Commander-in-Chief, Caribbean Command, and in August of the latter year was appointed Deputy Army Chief of Staff for Administration.

spent nearly half their time in the shops, though matters in this respect were improving and a good deal of American material had just arrived. Here, like General Ridgway in Korea, General de Lattre passed almost immediately over to the offensive and won a number of engagements which greatly altered the situation both morally and physically.

When I heard that General de Lattre was destined for Indo-China, I said to myself that he would not be going unless, first, he felt confident in his ability to defeat the enemy and sharply diminish the Communist power and prestige; secondly, unless he were carrying political proposals more likely to arouse enthusiasm than those formerly made by the French. This territory not being our concern, we receive comparatively little information about the political issues, but there does seem to have been some improvement. On the military side the improvement has been extraordinary. Everywhere the French have

shown an unwonted activity and boldness. General de Lattre seems to have been favoured by the fact that the enemy, rendered confident by recent success, did not shirk the issue or adopt the typical guerrilla tactics of evasion when faced by a strong column. The result was that blows were not struck in the air, as often happens in this sort of war. It sometimes happens that when a new commander

takes over in the midst of a war, he comes accompanied by fresh resources, in which case it is not easy to estimate the effect of his personal influence. In Indo-China, as in Korea, the change wrought by the new commander cannot be attributed to fresh troops.

What is the secret, apart from sheer tactical skill, of such transformations of the military scene? If we answer that it is the raising of confidence, that does not take us far: we still have to find out how confidence is raised. In old days it was easy enough for a commander to impress his personality upon his troops by direct contact. To-day it is more difficult. He

can still get into close touch with the officers. As regards the rank and file he can in all probability influence directly only a certain proportion and that only by great personal activity, but this action may be enough to set moving a wave extending beyond those whom he actually encounters. He can use methods of publicity to create in the troops a better conceit of themselves. In instigating operations he can start on a limited scale, making them simple and, when possible, easy, so that success may breed new confidence for the future. It is clear that General Ridgway began in this way, and though I have been unable to follow in detail the action of General de Lattre, I should expect to find that it had been on similar lines.

Yet these measures will not be fully effective if he who makes use of them should have *peu de caractère* or even if, possessing character, he lacks the means to put it across, which is called personality. Here we enter the realm which another great military person-

ality, Marshal Foch, has called "the imponderables." There is indeed a quality which cannot be weighed or assessed quantitatively, but which can easily be recognised. It is the spirit of leadership. It appears in all walks of life, but most of all in the career of arms, because there the strain, the risk, and the responsibility are higher than anywhere else. Mr. Churchill wrote that Jellicoe was the only man who could have lost the First World War in a day, but Foch could have lost it in a week, and I dare say General Ridgway could have lost his war in that time. Unwelcome as it may be to the intellectuals, the fact remains that these are burdens which call for the rarest type of leadership. As I have suggested, not all those who can carry the weight and are able strategists and tacticians possess the magnetic personality which can induce men whose lives are in their keeping to place in them their trust. They are the men who can change the destinies of armies.

I have said that nothing has been decided as yet in either of these theatres of war. In the offensive in Korea, indeed, the public is inclined to overlook the fact that only a very small fraction of the hostile army has been engaged. It is possible that the Chinese will launch another major offensive, perhaps down the centre of the peninsula, and that it will prove hard to hold. In Indo-China General de Lattre may still have his hardest task ahead of him, and have to face a really determined offensive on a scale greater than any yet carried out by the Communists. There can be no suggestion that the work is done in either of these wars. All I have put forward is that these two men have brought about a restoration in their spheres which cannot be explained without probing into the deep and slightly mysterious resources of the spirit. The age is disinclined to accept such an explanation. It is suspicious of any that smacks of the heroic in Carlyle's sense, and is more prone to denigration than to hero-worship. Perhaps, indeed, these figures should be called fortunate rather than heroic. Their qualities may have been developed by will, but they are inborn. I am concerned to show that these qualities must be taken into account in warfare, even in the modern warfare of widely dispersed armies, of machines, and of bombs, which appear so impersonal.



RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RENEWAL OF THE SPIRIT OF CONFIDENCE IN KOREA: LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY, COMMANDING THE EIGHTH ARMY.



"ON THE MILITARY SIDE THE IMPROVEMENT HAS BEEN EXTRAORDINARY. EVERYWHERE THE FRENCH HAVE SHOWN AN UNWONTED ACTIVITY AND BOLDNESS": GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, CAPTAIN FALLS' SECOND EXAMPLE OF PERSONALITY AND LEADERSHIP.

General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny who was appointed High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China last December, was born in 1889 at Mouilleron-en-Pareds (Vendée) and entered Saint-Cyr in 1909. Commissioned in the Dragons, he transferred to the infantry in 1915 and commanded a battalion of the 93rd Infantry Regiment. In 1927 he entered the Staff College and, after serving on the General Staff of the War Council in 1932, in September, 1939, was Chief of Staff to the General commanding the Fifth Army. During the campaign in France he commanded with distinction the 14th Infantry Division, and in 1941, for six months, commanded the French troops in Tunisia. He was recalled to France and given command of the 17th Military Division at Montpellier. Following the occupation of the unoccupied zone by the Germans, he was arrested and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. He escaped and made his way to North Africa, where he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the 2nd French Expeditionary Corps. In August, 1944, the troops under his command were landed in the South of France and the General led them in their triumphant advance to the Danube. In November, 1945, General de Lattre was appointed Inspector-General of the French Army and in May, 1948, was also appointed Inspector-General of the French Armed Forces. In October, 1948, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, Western Union Land Forces.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



BACK IN LONDON: PRINCE CHARLES OF EDINBURGH SEATED ON THE QUEEN'S LAP DURING THE DRIVE FROM KING'S CROSS STATION ON FEBRUARY 12.



ARRIVING FOR A DINNER AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY ON FEBRUARY 15: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS MARGARET. The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, dined at Burlington House on February 15 with Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, and Lady Kelly. Afterwards they visited the Holbein Exhibition. The Queen wore a sage-green crinoline.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



SEATED ON HER NURSE'S LAP: PRINCESS ANNE, BABY DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, RETURNING FROM SANDRINGHAM.



STEEL NATIONALISED: THE CHAIRMAN AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE NEW CORPORATION. The nationalisation of steel came into effect on February 14. Our photograph shows members of the Iron and Steel Corporation: Mr. J. Garton (second from left), chairman of Brown Bayley's Steel Works, Ltd. (part-time); and (l. to r.) Sir John Green (deputy chairman), a director of Thos. Firth and John Brown, Ltd.; Mr. S. J. L. Hardie (chairman), chairman of directors, the British Oxygen Co., Ltd.; General Sir James Steele, Adjutant-General till September, 1950; Sir Vaughan Berry, formerly U.K. delegate to the International Authority for the Ruhr; and Mr. A. R. McBain (part-time), a former part-time member of the Southern Gas Board. Mr. S. Wilson (secretary) is on the left.



THE EARL OF LYTTON.

Died on February 9, aged seventy-two. Well known as a painter, a tennis champion, and as a soldier, he was the fourth son of the first Earl and a grandson of Bulwer Lytton. He succeeded his brother as third Earl in 1947. As a young man he won the international amateur tennis Cup in 1911, 1912 and 1913. Injuries in World War I. ended his athletic career, and he then devoted himself to painting and writing.



REAR-ADMIRAL C. T. M. PIZEY.

To be C-in-C. Indian Navy in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir W. Edward Parry, the appointment to take effect in October, 1951. Admiral Pizey, who is fifty-one, entered the Navy in 1916, and served in both World Wars. In 1948 he became Chief of the U.K. Services Liaison Staff in Australia, and was promoted Rear-Admiral shortly after taking up this appointment.



AIR MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM ELLIOT.

To succeed Lord Tedder as chairman of the British Joint Services Mission in Washington and as British representative on the Standing Group of the Military Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Sir William, who is fifty-four, has been Chief Staff Officer to the Ministry of Defence and Deputy Secretary (Military) to the Cabinet since 1949.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

Died on February 20, aged eighty-eight. Well known as an actor-manager, he was twice President of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Educated at Charterhouse, he started his stage career in the U.S.A. in 1883. He was co-manager of the Haymarket, 1896-1905; and afterwards sole manager of The Playhouse (built by him) until 1915. He appeared in many films as well as plays.



FOR PRINCE CHARLES: A TOY PONY AND GIG BEING PRESENTED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH BY TWO YOUNG "NIPPERS" AT CADBY HALL. On February 15, Princess Elizabeth paid a visit to Cadby Hall, the bakeries of Messrs. J. Lyons and Company, in West London. Our photograph shows Princess Elizabeth, with Major Montague Gluckstein, chairman of Messrs. Lyons, receiving a present for Prince Charles.



SPAIN'S FIRST AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN SINCE 1946: DON MIGUEL PRIMO DE RIVERA, MARQUESS DE ESTELLA, WITH HIS WIFE WHO IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS DE MARSALES. On February 16, the Spanish Government appointed a brother of the founder of the Falangist Party as Spain's first Ambassador to London since 1946. He is the Duke of Primo de Rivera, son of the dictator, and brother of the late José Antonio, who was shot during the Civil War.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN TEHERAN: PALACE CEREMONIAL AND SPLENDOUR.



AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY ON FEBRUARY 12: THE SHAH OF PERSIA AND HIS NEW EMPRESS, FORMERLY MISS SORAYA ESFANDIARY-BAKHTIARI.



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR, M. SADCHIKOV: THE NEWLY-MARRIED SHAH OF PERSIA AND HIS NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD EMPRESS.



PLACING A GOLD RING ON THE FINGER OF THE NEW EMPRESS AFTER THE MARRIAGE VOWS: THE SHAH OF PERSIA, MUHAMMED RIZA PAHLEVI, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS SORAYA ESFANDIARY-BAKHTIARI, DURING THE WEDDING CEREMONY, WHICH TOOK PLACE IN TEHERAN'S MARBLE PALACE.

Teheran's marble palace was the scene of the wedding on February 12 of the thirty-one-year-old Shah of Persia, Muhammed Riza Pahlevi, to Miss Soraya Esfandiary-Bakhtiari, the nineteen-year-old granddaughter of the ruling chief of the Bakhtiari. The day was observed as a national holiday, but the crowds in the capital were small owing to a continuous snowstorm. The Moslem marriage

ceremony was privately conducted in a State-room by two venerable Mullahs, the bride and bridegroom being seated together before a great mirror, a symbol of light and purity, while, laid on a shawl near by were a 6-ft.-long loaf of bread, to represent plenty, wild rue, sweets and salt, on gold and silver platters, for luck, and candles to light the Royal couple's future. After the marriage vows the

THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S MARRIAGE: BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM AND GUESTS.



MISS SORAYA ESFANDIARY-BAKHTIARI ARRIVING AT THE PALACE FOR HER WEDDING TO THE SHAH. PRINCESS CHEMS, SISTER OF THE SHAH, AND LADIES OF THE COURT HELPED TO CARRY HER TRAIN.



BEFORE THE CEREMONY—THE BRIDE'S DIAMOND AND SEQUIN-SEWN DRESS WAS SO HEAVY THAT SHE HAD DIFFICULTY IN CLIMBING THE STAIRS.



SURROUNDED BY GUESTS AT THE RECEPTION ON THEIR WEDDING DAY: THE SHAH AND THE EMPRESS. FOR THIS OCCASION THE EMPRESS TOOK OFF THE LONG-SLEEVED SILVER LAMÉ JACKET WORN OVER HER DRESS FOR THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY. HER FINE JEWELS SHOULD BE NOTED.

Shah placed a gold ring on the finger of the bride. The wedding-dress in silver lamé scintillated with 6000 diamonds and 1,500,000 sequins, and billowed with white net and frothing, soft white swansdown. Its weight was so great that the bride had difficulty in mounting the steps to the Hall of Mirrors on arrival. Our photograph shows her being assisted by the Princess Chems (back to the

camera), sister of the Shah. His brothers, the Princes Abdul Riza, Ghulam Riza, Hamid Riza and Ali Riza, were present; and guests who offered their congratulations after the ceremony included the Aga Khan and the Begum, the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Shepherd; the United States Ambassador, Mr. Grady, and Mrs. Grady, and the Russian Ambassador, M. Sadchikov.

"NO COMMON ECONOMIST."

"THE LIFE OF JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES"; By R. F. Harrod.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



MR. ROY FORBES HARROD, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Roy Forbes Harrod, F.B.A., is particularly qualified to write a biography of John Maynard Keynes, for he was one of his pupils. Born in 1900, he was educated at Westminster School and New College, Oxford. He has been a Member of the Council of the Royal Economic Society since 1933. His publications include "Are These Hardships Necessary?" (1947) and "Towards a Dynamic Economics" (1948).

But the master was no common economist, and the disciple is no common economist either. Mr. Harrod was a classical scholar at Oxford before he took the plunge into the chill and murky waters of economics; and he retains from his earlier pursuits a humanity of interest and a grace of style which are not commonly associated with statistics and graphs. And the Gamaliel at whose feet he sat certainly did not conform to the stock notion of a professor of what used to be called "the dismal science." E. Clerihew stated, of one of his eminent predecessors:

John Stuart Mill
By a great effort of will
Overcame his natural bonhomie
And wrote "The Principles of Political Economy."

There was no such grim self-suppression about Maynard Keynes. The longer he lived the more strangely he bloomed.

He was a year senior to me at Cambridge, and I soon waited with interest for his speeches at the Union, of which he became President. There were other Presidents of the Union three a year: I and my two close friends, both of whom became rural parsons, watched them. Some of them we thought to be plausible duds of whom little would be heard again; and we were right. Some of them we thought might cut some sort of figure in some sort of world; and we were right. There were two men who we

MAYNARD KEYNES was an economist: Mr. Harrod, who was his pupil in that regard, is another economist. Were somebody to say to the ordinary man (I refer especially to myself), without giving any context: "Would you like to read an enormous 'Life' of an economist by another economist?", the ordinary man would lay his ears back and run like a hare in the opposite direction.

brilliant, dashing youth with the features of Antinous, and a charm which might almost have captivated those formidable sentinels of the Proletarian Castle, Mrs. Braddock and Mme. Pauker. Those two, after the local limelight of Cambridge, came to London and the early, obscure drudgery of the Bar: I saw a good deal of them, but they were both killed in the Kaiser's War or to-day they would have been prominent, vigorous and caustic lieutenants of Mr. Churchill. Keynes, though in his way equally prominent as an undergraduate, was of a very different type, and might, but for accidents, never have appeared in the larger world at all. I cannot claim to have known him. At Cambridge we were barely acquainted, and when, later, at long intervals, we encountered each other, he quite understandably gave me an absent-minded nod of quasi-recognition,

but can be found in places far removed from Gordon Square; and he married one of the most enchanting members of the Russian Ballet. He also, it is now revealed, gambled; and, in the end, with prodigious success.

His earliest work was on "The Theory of Probability." Treatises of the sort one does not associate with the sort of people who watch the flying ball at Monte Carlo: rather with the sort of austere sage who would think gambling foolish, if not wrong. But Keynes, though he may have originally wanted to test his theories at the tables, certainly became bitten: even his biographer, who comes very near "this side idolatry," admits that as soon as he got near a Casino, he was "up to his tricks" again. Soon he launched out into a larger sphere and began what the Americans call "playing the Stock Market."

He had a few thousands to start with and was soon in the soup. A rich man, not an intimate (possibly one who liked his views on Lloyd-George) came to his rescue and gave him a new modest endowment. After that he never looked back. Every morning in bed he surveyed the speculative scene—stocks, shares, foreign exchanges, commodities, they were all fish to his net—and decided on the day's operations. After all, a knowledge of history, economics and long-run likelihoods ought to count, provided a man has enough capital to hold on. Count they did here: Keynes left nearly half-a-million pounds. Cecil Rhodes called dons "children in finance": had he lived to read this book he would probably have exclaimed: "Well, I'm damned!"

Another crisis came and Keynes was called back again: he took a major share in all our dealings with America, and won the respect and even the affection of hard American negotiators, who were at first annoyed by his bluntness, obstinacy and searing wit. For all his persistency he was not unadaptable. People at times, indeed, accused him of inconsistency: Lloyd-George, who had no reason to love

him, once said that "if there were six economists in a room there would be seven opinions and two of them would be Mr. Keynes's." But no reader of this book can fail to observe his passionate and unfailing sincerity, as well as his admirable willingness to modify his views when confronted with facts or human factors to which adjustment had to be made, for logical reasons or reasons of convenience—



"I AM Acres AND BUTLER Sir Lucius": JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES (RIGHT) AND SIR HAROLD BUTLER IN "THE RIVALS" IN 1902.

with a bewildered blink of his peering eyes, though I always knew many of his friends and heard a great deal of his doings. I rather doubt if any of them, in early years, ever thought of him as likely to become a commanding public figure whose death would lead to his being widely proclaimed as a Great Man.

As a speaker he was not eloquent, as an economist senior to him at King's was eloquent, namely, A. C. Pigou, who, had he cared for such things, might have swayed any assembly in the days when assemblies were not wholly proof against argument. On the other hand, he never gave the impression that he was merely making a case. Tall, stooping, with his hands holding his gown, he would pour out his beliefs on a subject with eager volubility and evident earnestness: where others were learning to orate he was endeavouring to convince: but he did it rather too rapidly and with his arguments too closely compressed for complete effect: ignoring the safe rule that, if a speech is to sink into the mind of a mixed audience, one point per paragraph, reiterated and variously illustrated, is the right measure.

Here was no dominator of senates: here, it seemed, was an obvious Fellow of his College, destined either for an academic or a bureaucratic career. He adopted both. He became a Fellow of his College and he passed into the Home Civil Service, being rapidly noted in both spheres as a remarkable man. During the First World War he managed our foreign finances: the public never heard of him, and he earned the usual C.B. But he went to Versailles and after that he was heard of with a vengeance: he wrote "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" and it swept the reading world in all countries. It wasn't only that he had powerful arguments handed him on a platter: the politicians, who had the lesson of the Franco-German indemnity of 1871 before them, had not realised (or preferred to forget) that huge indemnities (or, for that matter, huge loans) can be paid for only in goods and, if thus paid, must dislocate the economies of the receivers. It was also that he had the talent of explaining economic matters in a lucid, melodious and picturesque style; and, not least, it was because he employed a remarkable journalistic talent of pitilessly portraying the appearances and characters of the politicians who had made the mess.

He was briefly famous. He had produced the public effect he desired; but he had also convinced many important people that he was rather a dangerous man to have about the place. Had another Great War not called his brains into national service again, he might never have returned to public notice, and his biography, when written, might not have been as bulky as this one now is. He laboured hard as a writer of economic books and editor of economic journals; he served his College nobly as bursar; he plunged with characteristic wholeheartedness into book-collecting and picture-collecting; he found relief for his exasperation with the orthodox in the free company of that world which is called "Bloomsbury"



IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: MR. HENRY MORGENTHAU AND J. M. KEYNES AT BRETTON WOODS. MR. MORGENTHAU HAS DESCRIBED KEYNES AS "A VERY FINE AND PERTINACIOUS NEGOTIATOR, EVERY VISIT HE PAID ADVANCED THE BRITISH CAUSE. HE WAS THE BEST EMISSARY THEY COULD HAVE CHOSEN. . ."

Photograph Alfred Eisenstaedt—Pix.

thought (I don't know whether undergraduates still conjecture in this way) might become Prime Ministers. One was Conway Morgan, a scholar of Winchester and Trinity, and son of the Master of Jesus, a determined, Churchillian character who won the Chancellor's Medal for English Verse with a Browningsque poem about Tibet (I wrote a line and a half, and gave up); the other was Frank Livingstone of Peterhouse, a



LYDIA LOPOKOVA, THE WELL-KNOWN RUSSIAN PRIMA BALLERINA AND ACTRESS, WHO MARRIED JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES ON AUGUST 4, 1925. Illustrations reproduced from the book "John Maynard Keynes," by courtesy of the publishers, Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

for he became a practical man as soon as he had to become a negotiator.

Mr. Harrod's book is enthusiastic and readable throughout: sometimes exciting. He might perhaps have modified his transports about some of Keynes's private associates; though it must be admitted that if they weren't all quite the superb swans he thinks them, they were none of them geese. As for Keynes's economic theories, they are likely to have repercussions long after we are all dead.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 306 of this issue.

* "The Life of John Maynard Keynes." By R. F. Harrod. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 25s.)

THE GOLD COAST'S FIRST STEPS IN DEMOCRACY: ELECTION RESULTS IN ACCRA.



URBAN DEMOCRACY ON THE GOLD COAST: A QUEUE OF VOTERS WAITING OUTSIDE A POLLING STATION IN ACCRA IN THE COLONY'S FIRST GENERAL ELECTION.



WAITING FOR THE RESULT OF ACCRA'S FIRST ELECTION: PART OF A CROWD ESTIMATED AT 5000 WHICH WAITED UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT TO HEAR THE RESULT OF THE POLL.



COUNTING THE POLL AT ACCRA: THE SCENE INSIDE THE GEORGE V. MEMORIAL HALL, WITH THE PRINCIPAL RETURNING OFFICER AND CANDIDATES, CENTRE BACKGROUND.



ANNOUNCING THE ACCRA RESULT: THE RETURNING OFFICER ON THE BALCONY WITH A SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE AND MR. NKUMAH'S REPRESENTATIVE (ALL SHOWN IN THE INSET, LEFT).



THE GOLD COAST WOMAN'S VOTE: AN ACCRA GIRL, MISS MENSAB, HAVING RECEIVED HER VOTING PAPER, HAS HER THUMB DIPPED IN DYE TO PREVENT HER VOTING TWICE.



MISS MENSAB VOTES: THE POLLING STATION, AS SO OFTEN IN ALL COUNTRIES, IS A SCHOOL. THIS VOTER CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN QUEUE (TOP LEFT PICTURE).

As reported in our last issue, one of the two successful candidates for Accra in the Gold Coast's first general election was Mr. Kwame Nkrumah, the leader of the intensely Nationalistic Convention People's Party, who was still serving a sentence in prison for seditious activities a year ago. He was not due for release until November and during the election was represented by a member of his party who had been previously elected in one of the rural constituencies. On February 12 he was released from prison by order of Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, the Governor, as "an act of grace on the eve of the inauguration of the new

constitution." A huge crowd gathered outside James Fort to welcome him on his release and he was greeted with frenzied enthusiasm, leading up to fetish sacrifices and the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light." It is estimated that his party, the C.P.P., will command about 46 votes out of the total of 80. During a Press conference on Feb. 14, Mr. Nkrumah said that he was willing to give the new constitution a trial as a stepping-stone towards full Dominion status. He denied that he had ever been a Communist and said that he was a Marxian Socialist and a Christian. The New Assembly was due to meet on Feb. 21.

VIGNETTES OF A WINTER WAR: VIVID SCENES OF U.S. TROOPS IN ACTION.



THE WHITE BURSTS OF PHOSPHORUS SHELLS FROM U.S. ARTILLERY GO UP FROM THE CHINESE-HELD TOWN OF ANYANG, BEFORE THE U.S. 25TH DIVISION TOOK THE TOWN.



A U.S. ENGINEER DETACHMENT DETONATES AN ANTI-TANK MINE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ANYANG, WHILE THE "WALKIE-TALKIE" OPERATOR REPORTS BACK TO HIS H.Q.



MOVING INTO THE ASSAULT OF AN ENEMY-HELD HILL-CREST NORTH OF WANGGOK: U.S. INFANTRY AND MEDIUM AND HEAVY TANKS ADVANCE ACROSS THE FROZEN PADDIES.



DURING THE U.N. ADVANCE ON SEOUL: M46 (GENERAL PATTON) HEAVY TANKS OF THE U.S. 3RD INFANTRY DIVISION COVER THE ADVANCE OF THE 25TH INFANTRY DIVISION.



IN THE MOMENT OF ACTION: A U.S. PLATOON ADVANCING, SOMETIMES FIRING, THROUGH THE SMOKING SCRUB, WHILE THE COMMANDER RADIOS TO COMPANY H.Q.

On February 12 the Chinese and North Koreans launched a heavy offensive—using an estimated 50,000 to 100,000 men—in the central sector of Korea, near Hoengsong. In the first day they made a substantial advance on a 30-mile front. U.N. troops which were at first cut off were relieved and withdrawn and extremely heavy casualties were inflicted on the Chinese and North Korean troops, one North Korean battalion in particular being annihilated.



A STAGE IN THE ASSAULT ON ANYANG: U.S. INFANTRYMEN, HAVING GAINED AN OBJECTIVE, CONSOLIDATE IN READINESS FOR A CHINESE COUNTER-ATTACK.

On February 15 the Chinese renewed their attack, but U.N. defences held firm, the heaviest fighting centring round the town of Chipyeong. Chipyeong however held out against the mass Chinese advances. On February 18 a U.S. tank and infantry column made a considerable advance west of Chipyeong to cut the enemy supply route, and it appeared that the Chinese were abandoning their costly attempt at a break-through.



RETURNING ACROSS THE FROZEN HAN RIVER WITH A COUPLE OF CHINESE PRISONERS: A SMALL AMERICAN RANGER GROUP MAKING THEIR WAY BACK FROM A 14-MILE PATROL BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES IN THE CENTRAL SECTOR IN KOREA. U.S. RANGERS ARE THE EQUIVALENT OF BRITISH COMMANDOS.



A SCENE WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH UNITED NATIONS TROOPS HAVE BEEN OPERATING WHILE HOLDING THE CHINESE OFFENSIVE IN THE CHIPYONG-WONJU SECTOR OF THE KOREAN FRONT. THE TROOPS SHOWN ARE U.S. INFANTRYMEN ADVANCING TO AN ATTACK.

WINTER WAR IN KOREA: PATROLS AND COUNTER-ATTACKS ON FROZEN RIVERS AND ICY MOUNTAINS IN CENTRAL KOREA.

While the Chinese all-out assault on the central front in Korea (described on page 290) was in progress, there was a steady advance by U.N. forces on the western sector of the front near Seoul. By February 12 the Allies had cleared the area west and north-west of the city, but still south of the Han River,

bounded by Yongdungpo, Inchon and Kimpo airport. Artillery duels took place across the frozen Han. On February 14, a minor Chinese attack was beaten off, but the U.N. were consolidating their position and by February 16 were working hard to restore the port of Inchon as a gateway for their supplies.



ALONE IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH—A GRIM SCENE BENEATH THE SLOPES OF MOUNT LAMINGTON.

This photograph, taken soon after the first eruptions of Mount Lamington, seems to epitomize the utter desolation and complete devastation caused in the area near the volcano. The photograph was taken when an aircraft took to the scene

the official volcanologist, Mr. G. H. Taylor, from Rabaul, where he is stationed. (Photographs of Mr. Taylor and aspects of his work appeared in our issue dated February 3.) When the first rescuers reached the valley beneath the volcano

many grim scenes were revealed. The terrific blast had instantly killed thirty-five Europeans and more than 4000 natives. In our photograph a bewildered native survivor can be seen solitary in the valley of death; the ground is

covered deep with ash and pumice dust, and the twisted wreckage of a car rests on the stumps of trees as if it had been placed there as the final touch on a satanic back-cloth. Further eruptions of Mount Lamington have been reported.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALPINE LAWNS AND MEADOWS.-2.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

IN writing last week about the flowered hayfields of the Alps, and how they may be reproduced in the garden, I failed to mention

one or two meadow plants of outstanding beauty and importance. The St. Bruno's lily, *Anthericum liliastrum*, often grows in great profusion in the Alpine hayfields, and holds its own in the rough and tumble of meadow life, with a tough tenacity which belies its rather exotic, not to say pure and saintly, appearance. Its 2-ft. spikes of white, lily-like flowers somehow suggest Easter—or funerals. Yet it's a good mixer in gay company; and a good foil for bringing St. Bruno's lily to earth is the crashing splendour of the cranesbill, *Geranium armenum*, 2 ft. tall, with wide sprays of barbaric, crimson-magenta blossoms with dusky black centres. As a further foil—to the cranesbill—there might be the Tyrian or royal purple cluster-heads of *Campanula glomerata dahurica*. Then, too, there should be a few scattered specimens of *Gentiana lutea*, to tower above the general herbage with their stately 3- to 4-ft. spires of handsomely ribbed leaves and citron-yellow flowers. Folk there are who say they dislike *G. lutea* because, in their opinion, a gentian ought to be blue, which is rather like saying that they don't like avocado pears because a pear ought to be sweet.

Above all, there must—or should—be that king of Alpine meadow plants, *Anemone alpina*, and its pale-yellow counterpart, *A. sulphurea*, with their clumps of fern-like leaves and huge white or sulphur blossoms. I qualify "must" with "should" because both are scarce in nurseries and well-nigh impossible to collect in the wild. But once established, they are not merely perennial, they are immortal. As I

suggested in my last article, the Alpine meadow garden need not necessarily be part of the rock-garden proper, though under certain circumstances it can form the perfect surround or background for a rock-garden. But it can just as well be an entirely separate entity—an elaboration and super-embellishment of the familiar "daffodils in the grass." In the same way, the Alpine lawn garden need not be part of the rock-garden. One can make an Alpine lawn, large or small, with not a rock in sight, and use it as the perfect home and setting for innumerable small bulbous plants, crocus species, fritillaries, scillas, the smaller narcissi, and such small bulbous irises as *II. reticulata* and *histrionides major*, etc.

On the other hand, the Alpine lawn can form a most valuable part of many a rock-garden, and solve the otherwise difficult problem of how to treat certain un-rocky spaces and surrounds. Some of the larger and more spectacular rock-garden exhibits that one sees at the Chelsea Flower Show illustrate very well what I mean—a system, shall we say, of cliffs, rocky

outcrops and shaly screes, with a mountain stream descending in a series of cascades, pebbly shallows and deep pools, to end up in a final, lowermost pool which, despite the stream which feeds it, mysteriously never gets fuller than full. The rock-work is built with faultless artistry and skill, and the planting is usually gay and tasteful, though, alas! seldom strictly Alpine. This enchanting mountain scene is set in an expanse of fine turf, closely shaven, gently undulating, and with a few noble, isolated rocks erupting through the turf at well-chosen intervals. This setting of velvet lawn is perhaps the most masterly touch of all as a piece of showmanship. But alas, it is but showmanship. One might almost call it window-dressing. Hateful word!

It is artistry at a high level—but not practical gardening. Left to itself that turf would soon become a hayfield, half burying the rocks, dwarfing them, and throwing them out of scale. And who could keep the turf mown and clipped where it runs in and out between and around the rocks, and how? None but a man on his knees with a pair of hand-clippers—or a goat. And goats, as I know from costly experience, are inveterate escapists and trespassers, with an uncanny knowledge of the catalogue values of plants.

Quite apart from exhibition rock-gardens, the problem of how to treat open spaces and surrounds in the amateur's own rock-garden is a difficult one, which is best solved by the type of Alpine lawn which I will

carefully devised homes for certain small Alpine plants. The answer, surely, is to shape and undulate the surplus ground and plant it, not with turf, as in the Chelsea exhibits, but with mixed dwarf Alpine herbage in imitation of the flowered lawns at the Col de Lautaret and most other high places in the Alps. The main difference between the real high Alpine flowered lawn and the rock-garden imitation is that in the former there is a certain proportion of fine dwarf grasses which never exceed an inch or two in height, whilst in the rock-garden the lawn is planted without any grass at all. The very simplest form of rock-garden lawn is planted with nothing but the wild British downland thyme, *Thymus serpyllum*, in its several varieties, and including the wild type.

The chief forms are *Thymus serpyllum albus*, with pure white flowers; *T. s. coccineus*, crimson; *T. s. "Annie Hall"*, pale-pink; and *T. s. lanuginosus*, with silky, silvery-grey leaves. The wild type has heather-purple flowers. Any and all of these may be planted, mixed, to join up and form a dense, lawn-like sward, which will never need mowing. At flowering time the lawn will be a richly-coloured rug in many tones of crimson, purple, pink and white, and for the rest of the year a carpet of lighter and darker greens and greys. Planting any extensive area with bought thyme plants—which should go from 6 to 9 ins. apart—becomes an expensive business. But if a few stock plants of each variety are bought in spring and planted out, they soon spread into fine clumps which may then be lifted, pulled to pieces and replanted. Every smallest rooted scrap will soon take hold, and spread out to join up with its neighbours. This foundation of thyme turf may be interplanted with great quantities of other dwarf plants, both creeping and tufted. A few taller things, such as *Anemone alpina*, planted as isolated specimens, give a good effect, and so, too, do the clump-forming *Anemone pulsatilla* and *A. magellanica* and the rambling *A. sylvestris*, with its fine white flowers on 9-in. stems.

Antennaria dioica hyperborea makes a good, close, silver carpet, and is easy to grow, though the thymes are rampant enough to swamp it. The best gentians for the lawn are *G. acaulis*, *G. septemfida* and *G. lago-dechiana*. *Gentiana verna* would hardly hold its own in the rock-garden lawn as it does in the Alpine turf. *Aster alpinus* is a grand lawn plant. *Geum montanum* is perfect with its big, golden, strawberry-like flowers on 6-9-in. stems, and so, too, is the 9-12-in. *Campanula barbata* and—if your soil is peaty—*Arnica montana* should be tried. The dwarf *Potentilla aurea* is one of the most prevalent and brilliant of all the smaller fry on the Col de Lautaret. *Crepis aurea* is a grand little lawn plant, like a small, dainty dandelion, with flowers of a rich, tawny, coppery gold.

The Maiden Pink, *Dianthus deltoides*, in its pink, white and brilliant ruby-red varieties, will seed itself about among the thymes, and the brilliant, rose-pink *Geranium pylzowianum* will ramble freely. The

mat-forming *Veronica teucrium dubia*—known also as *V. prostrata* and *V. rupestris*—is excellent in all its forms, blue, pink and white, among the thymes. I have suggested only a few of the plants suitable for the lawn, but enough, I hope, to start at least some rock-gardeners experimenting with this still rather experimental branch of rock-gardening. Bulbs should not be forgotten, for the Alpine lawn makes a far lovelier setting for the smaller narcissi, crocus species, scillas, puschkinias, dwarf bulbous irises and many others, than the bare brown earth of beds, just as rough grass or Alpine meadow make a better setting for the larger daffodils.



THE "ALPINE LAWN" IN A SMALL GARDEN WHERE MIXED DOWNLAND THYMES PROVIDE AT FLOWERING TIME "A RICHLY-COLOURED RUG IN MANY TONES OF CRIMSON, PURPLE, PINK AND WHITE, AND FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR A CARPET OF LIGHTER AND DARKER GREENS AND GREYS."

This principle of producing an undulating lawn—which never needs mowing—in which the "grass" is a mat of many varieties of *Thymus serpyllum*, diversified with all manner of low-growing Alpines, was first introduced to the gardening world by Mr. Elliott some years before the war in the pages of the Alpine Garden Society's quarterly Bulletin. This Society, incidentally, this year celebrates its twenty-first birthday and, in conjunction with the Scottish Rock-Garden Club is holding the second International Alpine Plant Conference in the R.H.S. Hall from April 24 to 27.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.



describe. I can best explain the sort of problem that I mean by giving a hypothetical illustration. I suggest that you are going to build a rock-garden, and have at your disposal a rectangular piece of ground, entirely surrounded by gravel paths, and a given quantity of rock. There is enough rock to fill only part of your ground with the usual rock-garden features, hill and valley, cliff, scree, and fairly widely-spaced rock outcrops. The problem arises: how to deal with the ground that remains unoccupied when you have used all your rock to the best mountainous advantage. To spread out your building would mean losing dramatic and picturesque effect and spoiling

ROAD SAFETY—DEMONSTRATED BY MICE; RECONSTRUCTION AND PROGRESS.



HYDE PARK CORNER REPLANNED: A MODEL OF THE LAYOUT, LOOKING EAST FROM GROSVENOR CRESCENT, WITH WELLINGTON ARCH (R.; CENTRE) AND THE R.A. MEMORIAL (L.; CENTRE).

Models of Hyde Park Corner as it would appear after the proposed reconstruction—a long-term plan which will not be carried out until economic conditions permit—were on view on February 15 at Westminster Hall. Before reaching Wellington Arch, at the top of Constitution Hill, the road will turn to the left to join Grosvenor Gardens, taking in a strip on the edge of Buckingham Palace gardens. The archway will stand amid lawns and trees. The carriageways through Apsley Gate



THE REPLANNING OF HYDE PARK CORNER: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE AREA AS IT IS TO-DAY, TAKEN FROM APPROXIMATELY THE SAME ANGLE AS THAT REPRESENTED IN THE MODEL. It will be closed and a new two-way road pass through the gap made by bombing between houses on the north side of Piccadilly. This will lead to a large grass-covered roundabout. Park Lane will become a one-way street from south to north, and the present ring road through Hyde Park will be a north to south one-way street from Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner. The boundary of Hyde Park will be set back behind the ring road.



THIRTY-NINE YEARS OF AVIATION: ONE OF THE GREAT MODERN U.S. AIR FORCE B36 GIANT BOMBERS POSED BESIDE A CURTISS-TYPE BIPLANE BUILT IN 1912.

The enormous strides made in aviation during the last thirty-nine years is strikingly illustrated by our photograph of a Curtiss-type biplane, built in 1912, looking like a fly as it lies beside one of the giant B36 Consolidated Vultee bombers of the United States Air Force.



NOW ON VIEW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, NATURAL HISTORY, SOUTH KENSINGTON: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ARCHAEOPTERYX, ONE OF THE WORLD'S FIRST BIRDS.

A reconstruction of the *Archaeopteryx*, the first feathered creature, is now on view in the Geological Department of the British Museum, Natural History, South Kensington. It is based on the two specimens found in the Upper Jurassic (Kimmeridgian) limestone of Solenhofen, Bavaria. *Archaeopteryx* was about the size of a rook. It retained some reptilian characters, such as teeth and a long lizard-like tail, but the wings were feathered. It is shown clasp with the clawed fingers of its wings branches of the *Baiera* tree (related to *Ginkgo*).



A DEMONSTRATION BY MICE FOR THE BENEFIT OF GLASGOW "JAY WALKERS"—THE ANIMALS USE THE "PEDESTRIAN CROSSINGS" BECAUSE THE ROADWAYS ARE ELECTRIFIED.

Two officers of the Glasgow City Police Traffic Department have "press-ganged" mice to demonstrate the importance of abiding by road safety rules. The mice inhabit a model of a Glasgow Corporation housing area, complete with playgrounds, pavements and roads. The roads are electrified with just



KEEPING FAITHFULLY TO THE "PEDESTRIAN CROSSINGS": MICE DEMONSTRATORS OF ROAD SAFETY RULES IN A MODEL OF A GLASGOW CORPORATION HOUSING AREA.

sufficient current to cause a very slight tingling in the animals' paws, and they are wise enough to avoid the danger of discomfort by sticking to the "pedestrian crossings" in their enclosure, which are all free from electricity. No cruelty to the mice is involved and they are well tended.



IN a note about Brigadier Clark's gift of pieces of early furniture to the Victoria and Albert Museum, I mentioned and illustrated a late seventeenth-century walnut stool with a carved stretcher—elaborate enough by our modern reckoning, but almost stark and formal by comparison with some of the richly gilded and decorated pieces made for the principal reception rooms of great houses. Such a piece is the stool of Fig. 1. The photograph reveals a good many of the details of ornate carving in which the age took so much pleasure, and you will note particularly the way in which the four-fold stretcher curves upwards from each of the four legs to meet in the centre. The device is agreeable, not to say distinguished, and is also nicely adapted to harbour whatever dust may be in the neighbourhood, which is perhaps one reason why a generation finicky about such matters regards such a stool as this with admiration rather than liking. Our ancestors had no inhibitions of this sort: an occasional flick with a feather duster by one among a host of servants was all they demanded. I suppose this belongs to the last decade of the century and can be regarded as the last refinement of a period which took enormous pride in carving for its own sake, and rather

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A HUNDRED YEARS BETWEEN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

an important part in strengthening the whole structure. Naturally and inevitably, people grew tired of all this entertaining fuss and, speaking by and large, when Queen Anne came in, carving on this scale went out. There is no room here in which to trace the developments of chair fashions through the decades of the eighteenth century—the smooth, spade-back walnut type of the early years for example, the comfortable Georgian winged variety, the many themes played upon

"Any gentleman may furnish as neat at a small expense, as he can elegant and superb at a great one." The statement, unlike the claims of some enterprising business men before and since, was substantially correct. Having quoted their well-known words, it seems necessary to find something which can be labelled "elegant and superb." One could illustrate certain exceptional pieces made to a special order which combine an extraordinary richness of decoration—elaborate inlay and so forth—with a becoming sobriety of form. Some may quarrel with my choice of Fig. 4, for tastes differ and the meaning of words is not the same for everyone. However, if these two adjectives can be accepted as describing a piece which is a long way removed from an orange-box without belonging to the class of super-masterpieces, this card-table perhaps fills the bill. It also happens to be representative of a type which was in great favour and has been copied without great success for the last hundred years—for proof of this, stroll round almost any store which sells modern reproductions and note how fumbling have been the attempts to imitate the crisp, precise carving; you generally go away with the impression that somebody has been scratching at the wood with an old pair of scissors rescued from the dustbin.

Well, here's this thing: ball-and-claw feet—all four of them—the claws not smudged into the ball, as it were, but clean cut and distinct, and the cabriole legs rising in a beautiful curve to their tops,



FIG. 1. DESIGNED AND MADE FOR ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL RECEPTION ROOMS OF A GREAT HOUSE: A LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED AND GILDED STOOL.

This stool of c. 1690 "can be regarded as the last refinement of a period which took enormous pride in carving for its own sake..."
By courtesy of Christie's.

a mahogany keyboard, as it were. I am more concerned to find something which will be as remote in spirit as in construction from the dignified walnut example of Fig. 3. The mahogany ladder-back chair of Fig. 2 will do very nicely. No stretcher, elegant cabriole legs, curved seat—a great aid to comfort this last—open back, the shoulders pointed. There can be no greater contrast—and it took about a century to evolve. It is the sort of chair which Dr. Johnson would hardly have owned in Bolt Court, but which he would probably have found in a richer household, such as that of the Thrales. It would be the last word in modern furnishing round about the 1770's and, with its solid construction, great elegance and very restrained use of carving, puts the whole of the nineteenth century to shame. There is not a single inharmonious line about it, and its design is so simple that one forgets the discipline of hand and eye that made it possible. At the same time, it is not something which demands rather ostentatiously to be placed in a great reception-room; by this time the emergence of a new middle class reasonably well endowed with money had greatly enlarged the market for furniture-makers and by some freak of fate the skill of the craftsman coincided with a liking for this sort of sober decency.

As the worthy firm of Ince and Mayhew had boasted in their book of designs some years before:



FIG. 3. CHARACTERISTIC OF A PERIOD IN WHICH A PLAIN SURFACE WAS NOT TO BE TOLERATED: A DIGNIFIED CARVED WALNUT CHAIR DATING FROM c. 1675.

Corkscrew turning has been used for the stretchers, legs, arm-supports and the two outside columns of the back of this walnut chair, and every other part except the front and side of the seats is carved. "Naturally... people grew tired of all this entertaining fuss... when Queen Anne came in, carving on this scale went out..." (By courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.)

which are decorated with a formal acanthus design. What I think is a particularly good feature is the way in which this carved foliage curves round to each side. This is brought out very clearly in the photograph. It adds greatly to the harmony of the whole, and provides weight and balance. There is nothing extraordinary about this, but people whose job it is to design things will always tell one how difficult it is to provide a satisfactory top to columns which have to bear the weight of a horizontal. It is a problem which has exercised the minds of architects since the building of the Parthenon—yes, and long before that in the Valley of the Nile. This, then, was one kind of answer for domestic furniture learnt from antiquity, common throughout the eighteenth century and brought to this high standard by Chippendale and his contemporaries. In addition, the graceful curve of the legs has this effect: it enables the eye to accept the projecting, rounded corners of the table as something normal. Needless to add that the top opens out to form the card-table, the edges are carved, and the wood is mahogany.



FIG. 2. "THE LAST WORD IN MODERN FURNISHING ROUND ABOUT THE 1770'S": A LADDER-BACK CHAIR IN MAHOGANY COMBINING ELEGANCE WITH SOLID CONSTRUCTION.

This chair "as remote in spirit as in construction" from the carved walnut example illustrated in Fig. 3, was "the last word in modern furnishing round about the 1770's" and "with its solid construction, great elegance and very restrained use of carving, puts the whole of the nineteenth century to shame." (By courtesy of Christie's.)

went out of its way to produce objects which would leave no doubt in anybody's mind that a plain surface was not to be tolerated. The chair of Fig. 3 is one of very many which will serve to illustrate this statement. Date—maybe the 1670's or thereabout. Material—walnut, with a cane back. I guess—though I don't know for certain—that the cushion is a later addition, and that the seat was originally of cane as well. Stretchers, legs, arm-supports, and the two outside columns of the back—corkscrew turning, or, as the nursery would have called it before the days of hygienic packing for sweets, barley-sugar turning. (So strong are the memories of childhood, that I always think that barley sugar, in this form, tastes twice as good as when it is packed in the form of neat, paper-covered cubes—and how dull to be accurate and call the stuff glucose!) Every other part except the front and sides of the seat is carved—the whole frame of the back, the cresting, each end of the arms, and a broad, carved stretcher goes across the front, which, of course, is not put there merely to provide the maker with yet another surface to decorate, but plays



FIG. 4. "ELEGANT AND SUPERB": A CARD-TABLE IN MAHOGANY, c. 1775. This card-table is a beautiful representative of a type which was in great favour and has frequently been copied. Frank Davis has selected it as worthy of the label, "elegant and superb." (By courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.)

IN PROCESS OF RESTORATION:
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, KING'S LYNN,
BELIEVED TO BE ENGLAND'S
LARGEST MEDIAEVAL GUILDHALL.



AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE PRESENT RESTORATION WORK WAS BEGUN: THE FRONT OF THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GUILDHALL OF ST. GEORGE.



USED UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO AS A STORE FOR STAGE SCENERY: ST. GEORGE'S HALL, SHOWING A SIDE OF THE BUILDING WITH A TUDOR WINDOW.



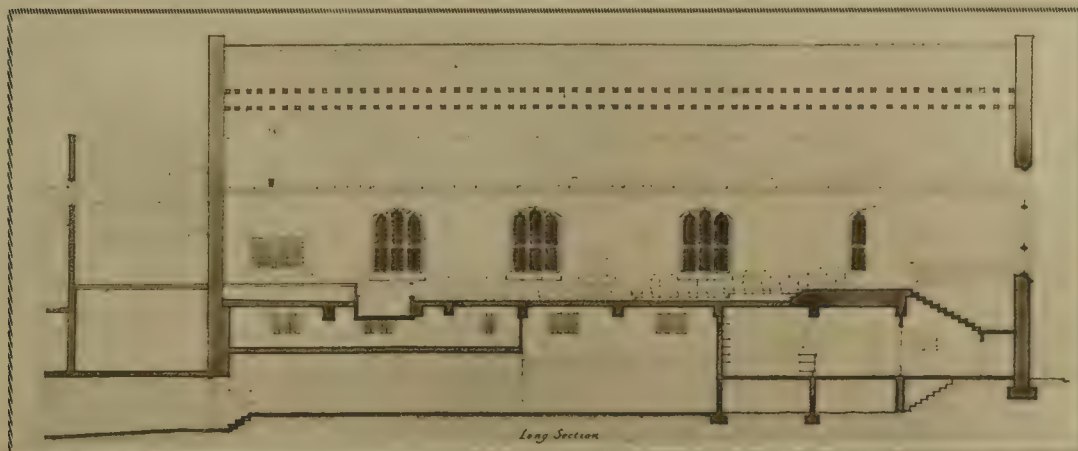
TO BE FORMALLY REOPENED BY H.M. THE QUEEN ON JULY 24: THE ANCIENT GUILDHALL OF ST. GEORGE, SHOWING THE PARTLY RESTORED EXTERIOR.

WHILE they were at Sandringham the Queen and Princess Margaret drove to King's Lynn to inspect the reconstruction work which is being done to the early-fifteenth-century Guildhall of St. George. This ancient building, which stands not far from the Tuesday Market, is described as "probably the largest and most complete surviving mediæval guildhall in England." It was built in the fifteenth century by the Guild of St. George the Martyr; when the guilds were suppressed under Edward VI. it passed into the hands of the Corporation, which remained owner until after 1814, when the property was sold and used in turn as a granary, a wool warehouse, and later as a store for stage scenery. In 1945 the building had become extremely dilapidated, and in order to prevent its probable demolition, the late Mr. Alexander Penrose purchased it. A project has since been formed to reinstate the building as an Arts Centre for the district, the hall being adapted for the performance of plays, concerts and for other purposes. The property is being vested in the National Trust, and a St. George's Arts Trust has been formed to take a long lease and to restore and maintain the scheme. The scheme has been generously supported financially by the Arts Council and the Pilgrim Trust, but a public

(Continued below.)



AS ST. GEORGE'S HALL WILL APPEAR WHEN RESTORED: A PERSPECTIVE DRAWING OF THE INTERIOR, WHERE SEATING FOR SOME 359 PERSONS WILL BE PROVIDED. (Drawing by J. D. M. Harvey.)



NOW BEING ADAPTED FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF PLAYS, CONCERTS AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES: ST. GEORGE'S HALL, A SCALE ELEVATION OF THE BUILDING BY MR. MARSHALL SISSON, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. THE UNDERCROFT IS TO BE USED AS A THEATRE BAR. A STAGE IS BEING CONSTRUCTED AT ONE END OF THE HALL.

Continued.) appeal has been made for money to complete the work. Historically, one of the most interesting aspects of the building is its long association with theatrical production; a Nativity Play is recorded as taking place there in 1442. In 1766 a complete Georgian theatre was constructed within the Hall, and sufficient traces of this survived to enable a conjectural reconstruction in the form of a model to be made. The restoration of the building has been in the hands of Mr. Marshall Sisson, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.



BEFORE RESTORATION: THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL, WHICH IS 107 FT. LONG AND 29 FT. WIDE, AND HAS A MASSIVE TRUSSED RAFTER ROOF.

NEW FRENCH AND BRITISH WEAPONS; AND OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.



AN INFANTRY ANSWER TO THE TANK: (ABOVE) A C.S.M. INSTRUCTOR HOLDING THE NEW 3.5 ROCKET-LAUNCHER (EVOLVED FROM THE U.S. BAZOOKA), WHILE A SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR LOADS THE PROJECTILE. (RIGHT) A C.S.M. INSTRUCTOR AT THE SMALL ARMS SCHOOL, HYTHE, KENT, SIGHTING THE 3.5 LAUNCHER WHICH COMBINES POWER WITH PORTABILITY AND HAS NO RECOIL.

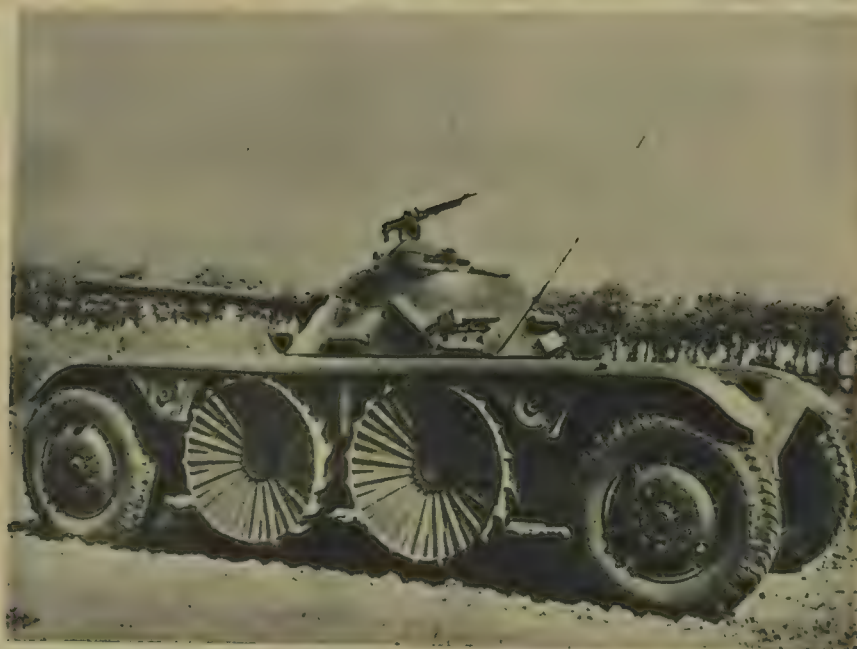


USING A ONE-MAN PORTABLE MARK V. FLAME-THROWER: A SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR AT THE SMALL ARMS SCHOOL, HYTHE. THE TANK ON HIS BACK CONTAINS PETROLEUM JELLY, WHICH IS EJECTED UNDER PRESSURE. A CARTRIDGE IN THE WEAPON IGNITES THE JELLY AS IT LEAVES THE THROWER.



A NEW FRENCH ARTILLERY WEAPON WHICH CAN BE BROUGHT INTO ACTION IN TWO MINUTES: THE 105-MM. HOWITZER.

Among the new French weapons recently demonstrated at Baumholder were the new 105-mm. and 155-mm. howitzers. The 105-mm., illustrated above, can be brought into action in two minutes. (Continued opposite.)



DEMONSTRATED AT BAUMHOLDER: A NEW FRENCH ARMOURD RECONNAISSANCE VEHICLE WHICH HAS A 500-MILE RANGE.

[Continued.] brought into action in two minutes. A new armoured reconnaissance vehicle which can be driven in either direction (above, right) has a maximum speed on the road of 60 m.p.h. It is made conspicuous by its eight large wheels, the end ones are fitted with tyres and the four middle ones with a tractor tread.



MEASURING 5 FT. 11 INS. AND WEIGHING 33 LB.: A CONGER CAUGHT OFF ST. CATHERINE'S BREAK-WATER, JERSEY, BY MR. C. LE BRETON. GIANT CONGERS WEIGHING OVER 80 LB. HAVE BEEN RECORDED BY ANGLERS.



A PHILATELIC RARITY WHICH REACHED THE RECORD PRICE OF £1100: AN ENVELOPE FACE (DATED 1862) WITH TWO 4D. DULL ROSE AND ONE 1D. BLUE CEYLON STAMPS, SOLD AT ROBSON LOWE'S ROOMS BY AUCTION ON FEBRUARY 14.



RECEIVING R.S.P.C.A. AWARDS FOR HAVING SAVED TORTOISES FROM BEING KILLED BY CRUEL BOYS: MABEL SHIPP (AGED NINE) AND BRENDA JONES (AGED TEN) AT NEW CITY ROAD PRIMARY SCHOOL, PLAISTOW.

Mabel Shipp and Brenda Jones on February 13 saw boys killing tortoises in Blind Lane, Plaistow. They summoned the authorities by dialling 999, and have received awards of £1 each, books to the value of £1 each, and badges from the R.S.P.C.A. It is thought that the tortoises were dumped by a dealer who had been unable to sell them.



THE TORTOISES RESCUED FROM BLIND LANE, PLAISTOW, WHERE BOYS WERE KILLING THEM: THE LIVING ARE BEING SORTED FROM THE DEAD AT AN R.S.P.C.A. CENTRE. ONLY 72 OF THE 250 FOUND HAVE ANY HOPE OF SURVIVAL.

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN ITEMS,
AND NEWS FROM ABROAD.

FORESHADOWING THE DAY WHEN PEDESTRIAN CROSSINGS WILL BE NEEDED BY BATHERS: A U.S. AMPHIBIOUS TRUCK TESTED AT RAINBOW SPRINGS. This amphibious truck, known as the "Eager Beaver," is one of thousands produced for the U.S. Army. It is shown under test at Rainbow Springs, with the driver wearing underwater breathing apparatus, while two girl swimmers find that they will have to keep their questions until later.



ONE OF A SERIES OF NEW FRENCH COINS WHICH ARE GRADUALLY REPLACING NOTES: A 100-FRANC PIECE CARRYING A "PROFIL DE MARIANNE" ON THE OBERSE ENGRAVED BY M. ROBERT COCHET.



AN EXPLANATION OF THE "FLYING SAUCER" STORIES: ONE OF THE EXPERIMENTAL PLASTIC BALLOONS WHICH MAY HAVE STARTED THE RUMOURS. Recently Dr. Liddel, chief of the nuclear physics branch of the U.S. Office of Naval Research, stated that the "flying saucer" rumours undoubtedly originated from the sighting of 100-ft. plastic balloons used for experimental purposes. These balloons reach an altitude of about nineteen miles.



SHIPBUILDING ON THE SITE OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: THE BOW OF A SHIP BROUGHT FROM SOUTHAMPTON IN SECTIONS BEING PUT TOGETHER FOR EXHIBITION.

The bow of a 4000-ton passenger-cargo vessel, transported in sections from Southampton, is now being re-erected on the Festival site in London, where it will be framed in scaffolding to give the impression of a ship under construction. A feature of the amusement section of the exhibition



FOR THE AMUSEMENT SECTION OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: A LOCOMOTIVE DESIGNED BY ROWLAND EMMETT BEING COMPLETED AT SOUTHPORT.

will be the "Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway," on which three locomotives designed by Rowland Emmett will run. On February 14, 3000 employees of the L.C.C. formed the audience in the Royal Festival Hall, on the South Bank, when the acoustics of the new concert hall were tested.



TESTING THE ACOUSTICS OF THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: L.C.C. EMPLOYEES ARRIVING FOR A CONCERT GIVEN BY THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.



A LINK WITH THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851: THE "COMIC TELEGRAPH" EXHIBIT WHICH WILL BE ON VIEW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. This electrically operated animated head, known as "Smith's Comic Electric Telegraph," was one of the wonders of the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was bequeathed to the Bristol Savage Club by the son of the inventor, and is to be exhibited this year.



FOR USE ON CEREMONIAL OCCASIONS: THE ROYAL RECEPTION PAVILION AT THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION WHOSE ROOF DEPENDS FROM A GLASS DOME.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE WATCH ON LONDON'S BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

I HAD glanced through the book and laid it on the shelf against the time when I could go more carefully through its contents. There it lay, under my constant notice, but the incongruity of its front cover did not strike me until some days later. It was the juxtaposition of the title, "The London Bird Report," and the picture that embellished the cover, a Great Black-backed gull. True, London is a port, but London proper must be fifty miles from the nearest real seaboard. Who, fifty years ago, would have thought seriously of such a design for the cover of such a book? It was as recently as the last few years of the nineteenth century that the Black-headed gulls started to come up the Thames. Now we refer to them, quite naturally, as London's gulls. In time their numbers were swollen by Herring-gulls and Lesser Black-backs. Now, in the last twenty years, these have been followed by the Great Black-back, and in his recent book, "Birds and Men," E. M. Nicholson has been able to record that: "On 29 January 1950, E. R. Parrinder, C. B. Ashby and I counted 235 on the Thames between Barnes and Woolwich."

Any incongruity there may be in the design referred to epitomises, however, the contents of the book, for it is surely surprising that the largest built-up area in the world should shelter such an amazing avifauna. But let the opening chapters of the book speak for themselves.

"In the London area in 1949 the Black Redstart and the Little Ringed Plover continued their successful colonisation; the former still mainly in the blitzed parts of the City, the latter almost exclusively on gravel areas artificially exposed by man. The plane-trees outside the Natural History Museum at South Kensington were used for an unsuccessful nest by a pair of Jays, a species now regularly noted in Inner London. Even Magpies were seen in some of the parks and one at Brompton Cemetery remained for six months. Rooks, though strongly established in the outer suburbs, are more or less banished from the

is organised annually by the Society in conjunction with the British Trust for Ornithology. The 1949 figures show that the Herons have made good their losses of the cold spell early in 1947 and their population at present, in mid-1950, is higher still (185 breeding pairs). The Wood-Lark seems now to be an established breeding bird in small numbers in Middlesex and parts of Essex within the London Area, although it was only in 1945 for Essex, and in 1946 for Middlesex, that we recorded the first nesting of the species in these counties for many years. (The Wood-Lark breeds regularly in the part of our Area south of the Thames.) In contrast, both the Stonechat and the Wryneck remain at a low ebb and, in the main, the nesting of the Barn-owl (not really a rare species around London) still eludes our observers. Shoveler again nested successfully at Perry Oaks, but though breeding-season records of Garganey continue to come in the nesting of this species remains to be confirmed."

"Among the most obvious of migrant *passeres* through the built-up areas were the autumn flocks of Chaffinches which were again seen flying over Trafalgar Square and some of the parks. Although the birds seen totalled nearly seven hundred, they were doubtless only a part of a much bigger passage and probably hundreds more went over undetected. A noisy band of Long-tailed Tits in the plane-trees near St. Paul's on October 3rd was evidently part of a westerly movement through the City, some being seen shortly afterwards on the vanes and tower of the Church of St. Andrew and St. Peter in Holborn, as well as in trees in Fetter Lane and elsewhere. Altogether five species of tits, notably Blue Tits, were represented in an unusually large autumn influx in Inner London, and they were often seen perching on buildings and scaffolding. Pied Flycatchers were also seen on autumn passage, not only in the open parts of the suburbs but even in the inner parks. The most remarkable migrant of all, was the Great Grey Shrike which visited a taxidermist's premises in busy Camden Town in the early morning of May 23rd and left in a highly unusual manner—alive. The sight one day in October of a Peregrine Falcon chasing a Kestrel over the roof-tops surrounding Parliament Square, the migrant Water-Rail found freshly dead in the playground of a girls' school at Isleworth, the wild cries of Curlews and the calls of migrant Redwings heard indistinctly above the hum of the traffic after dark, were some of the other experiences of 1949 which help us to put our conceptions of broad front migration into a proper perspective."

"Watchers at even a coastal sanctuary might not be dissatisfied with a year that could produce records of twenty-nine species of waders (including Avocet, Temminck's Stint and Red-necked Phalarope) and sixteen species of ducks; yet such was London's showing of wildfowl in 1949. Even such maritime waders as Turnstones, Oystercatchers, Knots, Sanderlings and Grey Plovers again called in, as well as Black-tailed Godwits, Whimbrel, Curlew-Sandpipers, Little Stints, Wood-Sandpipers, Spotted Redshanks and many others."

Twenty years ago, there were those who shook their heads sadly at the decline of the local natural history society, and prophesied that as the old hands died off the day of the local society would come to an end. In some places this has been fulfilled, but by and large the gloomy prophets have been proved

wrong. Some societies have died, others appear to be moribund, but many have taken on a new lease of life, and to them have been joined the school natural history societies. Probably nowhere has the resurgence been so marked—incongruously enough—as in the mass of sprawling bricks and mortar, where the London Natural History Society has gone from strength to strength. It is they who last November



USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE COASTAL REGIONS OF THIS COUNTRY BUT NOW BECOMING AN ESTABLISHED VISITOR TO LONDON: THE GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL, *LARUS MARINUS*.

In January last year 235 Great Black-backed gulls were counted on the Thames between Barnes and Woolwich, and it has been reported that some have even taken to roof-squatting. This is a development of the last twenty years, and it may be said that the Great Black-back is now one of London's birds.

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U.

issued this, their 14th London Bird Report. Or, rather, it is the work of their Ornithological Section, for the Society embraces every form of natural history.

A new aspect of the study of natural history, and one destined to increasing importance in the future, relates to the value of team-work, as contrasted with the individual effort of former times. Darwin set a pattern in his researches into earthworms and their work on the soil. His classical work on this subject reveals that he persuaded his friends into making observations and keeping records. The London Society has enlarged the method and given it a closer co-ordination. This is brought out again in this 14th Report. The bulk of its pages is devoted to summarised notes on 152 species of birds recorded for the London Area for 1949. While it is true that the London Area is represented by a radius of 20 miles from St. Paul's, it is none the less surprising to find the hoopoe, nightjar, hooded crow, kite, Canada goose and others appearing in the list, compiled from the records of 240 careful observers.

In recent years the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks was asked to appoint observers and naturally—certainly wisely—an approach was made to the London Natural History Society. The result is a complementary organisation to do a complementary job. The Committee's Report, "Birds in London," is equally complementary to the "London Bird Report"; indeed, is often confused with it.

Perhaps it should be stressed that "The London Bird Report" is not merely devoted to lists of names, or even of summarised notes, but contains accounts of the London Society's censuses on Great Crested grebes, Black redstarts, swifts, swallows, martins and other species. Finally, it may be of interest to mention that work has been going on for years on the compilation of a book, which it is hoped will be published two years from now. It will be founded on material gathered by the London Natural History Society (Ornithological Section), carefully sifted by their Book Committee, and when finished will be a record of London's ornithology over half a century, and will give a detailed picture of the changes that have taken place in London and in its avifauna.

"The London Bird Report." (Published by the London Natural History Society; 2s. 6d.) From the General Secretary, Mr. H. A. Toombs, at British Museum (Natural History), London, S.W.7.

"Birds in London." (Published by H.M. Stationery Office, London; 1s. 6d.)

"Birds and Men," by E. M. Nicholson. (Collins: New Naturalist Series; 21s.)



FOUND WITHIN A RADIUS OF TWENTY MILES FROM ST. PAUL'S: THE NIGHTJAR (A COCK BIRD HOVERING), *CAPRIMULGUS EUROPAEUS*, THE LATEST OF OUR REGULAR SUMMER MIGRANTS TO ARRIVE.

The Nightjar which one might not consider to be a London bird, even if one takes the London area as being represented by a radius of twenty miles from St. Paul's, is reported to have nested at Darenth Wood and at Hayes in Kent, and probably to have bred at Joyden's Wood. The bird has also been seen at Esher Common and at Limpsfield Chart, in Surrey.

inner zone, so that the circumstantial evidence of a pair nesting near Hither Green, only six miles from the City, is of some interest. Herons nest in several colonies in the London Area and a complete census

COMPRESSING BULKY FILES OF NEWSPAPERS INTO TINY ROLLS OF MICROFILM.



IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S MICROFILM ANNEXE AT COLINDALE—THE WORLD'S BEST-APPOINTED MICROFILM STUDIO: A GIRL CAMERA OPERATOR USING ONE OF THE COPYING CAMERAS ON A VOLUME OF NEWSPAPER.



THE SIX REELS OF FILM POSITIVE (THREE IN BOXES) RECORD COMPLETELY THE WHOLE OF THE STACK OF NEWSPAPER—FOUR YEARS' ISSUES OF A FOREIGN-LANGUAGE DAILY.



SIMILAR TO THE TYPE OF MACHINE USED IN THE MOTION-PICTURE INDUSTRY: THE AUTOMATIC PRINTING MACHINE, WHICH PRODUCES THE FINAL POSITIVE FORM OF THE ORIGINAL MICROFILM NEGATIVE.



READING A MICROFILMED NEWSPAPER: LIGHT IS PROJECTED THROUGH A FRAME OF THE FILM (TOP), THE IMAGE BEING PROJECTED TO A MIRROR AND THENCE TO THE READING SCREEN. THE KNOB (RIGHT) MOVES ON THE FILM, THE LONG HANDLE (LEFT) CONTROLS THE SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT.

The problem of the storage of the British Museum's immense collection of newspapers was accentuated in October, 1941, when one wing of the newspaper library at Colindale was totally destroyed by a 2000-lb. bomb. Over three-quarters of the contents were rescued and piled in heaps in the surviving wing. Soon after the war, the then Director and Principal Librarian, Sir John Forsdyke, decided that microfilming was the only solution; and now, with the aid of the Ministry of Works and the generosity of the Rockefeller Foundation, the British Museum possesses at Colindale the best-appointed microfilm studio in the world. A small building has been erected on the site of the destroyed wing and planned as a production unit. An air-conditioning plant maintains a dust-free atmosphere of even temperature and humidity as required for the several stages of the process from photography of the original material to development, cutting and handling

of the record-film. It was necessary to obtain the equipment from America, and the dollar problem was overcome by a most generous gift from the Rockefeller Foundation, who have provided five cameras, a processing machine, a printing machine and ancillary equipment. One of the cameras is seen in operation. Its table moves sideways so that both pages of the folio are successively under the camera. A processing machine can process 2,000 ft. of film in an hour; and the printer can produce about 1,000 ft. of positive in about thirteen minutes. Work has already started, but for the time being newspapers will still be consulted at Colindale—those which have been microfilmed through the viewing-machines; but eventually it is hoped that microfilms and viewing-machines will be available at the main Museum Library in Bloomsbury. Our upper-right picture indicates better than words can describe the revolution in storage which will be effected.

UNUSUAL PETS THAT ARE READILY TAMED: "FLYING" SQUIRRELS.



A LITTLE ANIMAL THAT IS READILY TAMED IF OBTAINED YOUNG: BEAUTIFUL, A PET "FLYING" SQUIRREL GLIDING TOWARDS ITS OWNER.



WITH FRONT-LEGS EXTENDED FORWARD AND HIND-LEGS BACK: A "FLYING" SQUIRREL GLIDING, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH AN ELECTRONIC FLASH.



PREPARING TO LAND: A "FLYING" SQUIRREL BEGINNING TO BRING ITS HIND-LEGS FORWARD; THESE LITTLE CREATURES LAND AT A POINT LOWER THAN THE TAKE-OFF.



AT THE MOMENT OF LANDING: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A "FLYING" SQUIRREL, SHOWING THE GLIDING MEMBRANE TAKING ON A PARACHUTE FUNCTION.



"WHEN ACTIVE THEY ARE MARVELS OF GRACE, BEAUTY AND SPEED": AN EASTERN "FLYING" SQUIRREL (*GLAUCOMYS VOLANS*) GLIDING WITH AN ACORN IN ITS MOUTH.

Mr. Ernest P. Walker, Assistant Director of the Smithsonian Institution, National Zoological Park, Washington, has some unusual and fascinating pets. These are "flying" squirrels and the photographs on this and the facing page have been taken by Mr. Walker with an electronic flash at an exposure of about 1/5000 second. He induced his pets to leap, or glide, to him when he had the photographic apparatus set up to operate by remote control, which he held in his hand. Writing about these little animals, Mr. Walker says: "'Flying Squirrels' (*Glaucomys volans* and *G. sabrinus*) inhabit most of



SHOWING THE GLIDING MEMBRANE, AN EXTENSION OF THE SKIN OF THE BODY, WHICH REACHES TO THE WRISTS AND ANKLES: AN EASTERN "FLYING" SQUIRREL.

timbered North America, and in many regions they are plentiful These beautiful, delicate little gliders are active only at night, have their homes and sleep during the daytime in old woodpecker holes, old bird nests, hollow limbs or any other shelter they can find, preferably high up in a tree. . . . They are little creatures, the length of the head and body ranging from 5 to 8 ins., and the tail is slightly shorter. The weight of the small eastern species (*G. Volans*) is 2 to 3 ozs. The gliding membrane is an extension of the skin of the body which extends to the wrists and ankles."

NIGHT GLIDERS WITH PARACHUTE-LIKE BODIES: "FLYING" SQUIRRELS.



FIVE DAYS OLD: A BABY "FLYING" SQUIRREL, SHOWING THE GLIDING MEMBRANES. WHEN FULLY GROWN THE SMALL EASTERN SPECIES WEIGHS ONLY $\frac{1}{2}$ TO 3 OZS.



ILLUSTRATING THE ELASTICITY OF THE GLIDING MEMBRANE: MR. ERNEST P. WALKER LIFTING UP THE PARACHUTE-LIKE FOLD OF SKIN OF A "FLYING" SQUIRREL.



FOSTER MOTHER TO THREE BABY "FLYING" SQUIRRELS: A FEMALE WHITE RAT CARRYING ONE BABY IN HER MOUTH; HER OWN BABY CAN BE SEEN (RIGHT).]



"FRIENDLY AND BEAUTIFUL LITTLE CREATURES": TWO "FLYING" SQUIRRELS POSING ON A HUMAN HAND. THEY ARE VERY GENTLE AND ENJOY HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP.

IN describing his tame "flying" squirrels, photographs of which appear above and on the facing page, Mr. Ernest P. Walker continues: "The tail is flat in cross-section, made so by long, slightly stiff hairs on the sides that stand well out from the bone, while the upper and lower sides have short hairs that lie close to the bone. The fur is very soft and silky and always perfectly groomed, if the little creatures are in good health. . . . The name 'flying' is a misnomer, for they do not fly, but glide. (The animals jump downwards to commence with, gradually flattening out into a horizontal glide towards the finish.) If obtained young, 'flying' squirrels tame so readily that they become fascinating pets."



NOTCHING A NUT SO THAT SHE CAN CARRY IT WITH HER TEETH: BEAUTIFUL WITH HER OWNER, MR. ERNEST P. WALKER. "FLYING" SQUIRRELS EAT NUTS AND MANY KINDS OF INSECTS.

The World of the Cinema.

THE CRITICS AT ODDS.

By ALAN DENT.

IT is undeniable that one of the functions of the critic is to act as a guide. This being so, I recently put myself in the position of the lay-reader or lay-filmgoer and—instead of following my own instincts as usual—sought guidance from the most popular half-dozen critics. The result I can only call confusion. I was in the plight of a poor wayfarer who comes to a cross-road to find a signpost which indicates that his destination is in all four directions, or in none of them.

A questioner at a lecture the other day (it is my experience that questioners at lectures rise to their feet to make statements rather than to ask questions) made the interesting statement that she had her own favourite critic and that she knew from that critic's viewpoint whether she would enjoy a film or not. I questioned this lady further (the whole fun of giving a lecture is in asking questioners difficult questions!), and she admitted that she often enjoyed films *because* her pet critic hated them, and vice versa. So there you are—if you know where you are!

There are certain cases where there is such a variety of opinion among the critics that one is driven to see for oneself. Such an example to the confused ordinary reader must be "The Long Dark Hall," in which that delicate light comedian, Rex Harrison, chooses to escape from type-casting and play a man wrongly accused of murder and sentenced to death. The two loudest-barking and hardest-biting critical dogs of the daily Press make no bones, so to speak, about this film. Number One tells morning readers that it "takes another sad crack at the British Crime Melodrama," and that "the leading players, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer, have charm and talent: it takes skill of a sort, as here, to make it appear as if neither had either." Number Two tells evening readers that the film is "obsessed with the mechanics of justice" and then asks: "Is it intended to be merely an orthodox thriller?" His answer to this question is: "If so, it goes out of its way to destroy suspense, and it cheats by making the real murderer a maniac."

Scared away, the cautious newspaper-reader might understandably hold on to his half-crown until Sunday, when film criticism's Two Leading Ladies (whom James Agate once less politely called "the She Dragons of the Sunday Press") have their say. Miss Lejeune is with the weekday dogs in making no bones about "The Long Dark Hall." She is brief and sniffy,

it was published three years ago, and to my shame had half-forgotten it. I pick it up again and find that the plot of this brilliantly constructed crime-story—a thing quite distinct from the mere "thriller"—is practically identical with that told much less assuredly in the film. The names of the characters are identical also. Did this film's makers omit Mr. Lustgarten's name from the credits at his own request? At any rate, I understand that credit has now been given to Mr. Lustgarten.)



"A DELICIOUS FRENCH-MADE CONFECTION ABOUT OFFENBACH AND HIS PLEASURE-LOVING LEADING LADY, HORTENSE SCHNEIDER": "LA VALSE DE PARIS" ("THE PARIS WALTZ"), SHOWING HORTENSE SCHNEIDER (YVONNE PRINTEMPS) AND JACQUES OFFENBACH (PIERRE FRESNAY).

This same critic, for the most part, purrs approval, which is a distinct relief from the yapping of those others, especially when one's own reactions make one purr back at her in critical concord. She finds,

as I did, genuine tension in the Old Bailey scenes, and she gives the acting of the two principals the single word "admirable." But it is with both justice and truth that she sums up: "Where the film departs from its original, it falls nine times out of ten into banality, and what is best in the narrative is owed to the novelist."

If Mr. Harrison chooses to disappoint his younger sort of admirers by appearing as an accused and condemned man, with hardly one of his crinkly smiles to show all evening, that is his affair. I am never known to disapprove of an actor when he makes a praiseworthy

attempt to deploy a personality other than his own. But I must say I thought Miss Palmer gave a captivating performance as his stricken but forgiving little wife—obviously a very competent and tidy little home-manager, too, incidentally, though I could not but deplore her habit of turning up late at every session of her husband's trial for murder, exactly as if it were a first night at a play!

But if Miss Powell is a Minerva in this case, Miss Lejeune is still a Juno, and one who promptly restores herself to my trust and affection by hailing Yvonne Printemps in "La Valse de Paris" with as pretty a compliment as even her pen has ever turned: "Never, perhaps, has her name seemed a happier description of an enchanting artist who indomitably refrains from growing old." (Would-be writers please note: there is considerable art in the word "refrains.")

This is a delicious French-made confection about Offenbach and his pleasure-loving leading lady, Hortense Schneider. Pierre Fresnay, in a marvellous make-up, is the short-sighted, improvident, German-Jewish-French composer to the life, and the air lilts to his music, and the pleasure-skiffs on the Seine sidle in waltz-time. Even the bailiffs seem to dance away with the furniture. And with what a laughing grace and utter purity of tone Miss Printemps sings snatches of "Madame Favart" and "La Grande Duchesse" and "La Belle Hélène"! She reminds us of what is so often overlooked, that Offenbach is by no means all frivolity and can-can, that there is a tender grace in such swelling, voluptuous ditties as she sings that is in its way equally inimitable. And now will it be believed that one of those critical day-dogs found this sparkling thing "unwitty," and that the other found its production "clumsy and vulgar"? To such injudicious growls I say "Bah!"

At the very end of a new American film, "Our Very Own," I could hardly believe my ears when Gail Macaulay, in her graduation-day speech, praised her parents because they "slapped us down when we deserved it." Never was there so thumping a fib! The Macaulays were a nice American couple who never did any slapping of any sort, though they had three daughters who certainly required correction all the time. The youngest was a strident imp whom everybody around me in the audience obviously longed to slap for himself or herself. She was intended to be funny. The two elder daughters were intended to be taken seriously, one of them discovering that the other was a daughter only by adoption. Personally,



IN A FILM ABOUT WHICH "THE CRITICS ARE AT ODDS": "THE LONG DARK HALL" (BRITISH LION), IN WHICH REX HARRISON CHOOSES TO ESCAPE FROM TYPE-CASTING AND PLAY A MAN WRONGLY ACCUSED OF MURDER. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS INSPECTOR SULLIVAN (RAYMOND HUNTLEY) WHO HAS JUST ARRESTED ARTHUR GROOMER (REX HARRISON), TELLING MARY GROOMER (LILLI PALMER) THAT IT WOULD BE BETTER IF SHE LEFT.

She calls it "deplorable," and declares: "It struggles to interest us in a murder charge against an innocent man, with limp direction, wan acting, and a script of almost unparalleled silliness." More than somewhat disconcerted—for I have by this time seen the film myself and have found it far from uninteresting in any way—I turn for comfort to Miss Powell. And there, as so often before, I find some comfort.

Miss Powell first of all perspicaciously notes that the unacknowledged original of the film is Edgar Lustgarten's novel, "A Case to Answer." (I read this when



OUR CRITIC, MR. DENT, "PURRS APPROVAL" FOR THE MOST PART ABOUT THIS FILM: "THE LONG DARK HALL," A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING "THE MAN" (ANTHONY DAWSON) WHO HAS CALLED TO TELL MARY GROOMER (LILLI PALMER) ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S TRIAL FOR MURDER. HE IS TRYING TO CONVINCE HER THAT HER HUSBAND IS AS GOOD AS DEAD ALREADY, AND HE FRIGHTENS HER BY HIS SINISTER MANNER.

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I found the imp exasperatingly unfunny, and the two big sisters exasperatingly un-serious—especially when they both took to throwing themselves at the same unfortunate young man, who was a television mechanic. This film is a study of American small-town adolescence. Here, if you like, is clumsiness and witlessness and vulgarity. "Our Very Own" is so utterly without interest in itself that I shall make a point of forbearing to read anything that any single one of my own pet critics may have to say on the subject—just in case, to what would be my fury, they should disagree with me.

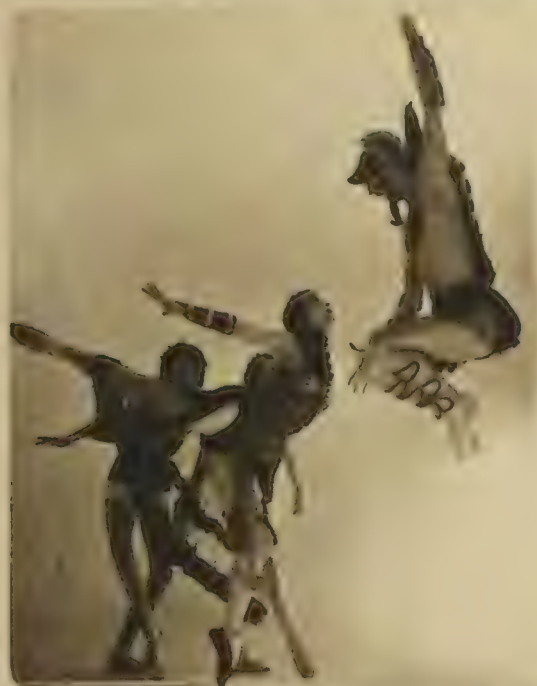
BASED ON EURIPIDES AND STRINDBERG: BALLETS IN THE SWEDISH MANNER.



TRIUMPHING OVER KREUSA AND KREON, AS THEY LIE DYING IN THE POISONED MESHES OF THE WEDDING VEIL: ELSA-MARIANNE VON ROSEN AS MEDEA.



AS JASON IN THE BALLET "MEDEA," BY BRIGIT CULLBERG, BASED ON THE TRAGEDY OF EURIPIDES, DANCED TO MUSIC BY BELA BARTOK: JULIUS MENGARELLI.



SHOWING THE ADMIRABLE COSTUMES BY ALVA GRANSTROM: MEDEA (ELSA-MARIANNE VON ROSEN) WITH JASON (JULIUS MENGARELLI) AND ONE OF THE CHILDREN.



"MISS JULIE," THE BALLET BY BRIGIT CULLBERG BASED ON THE PLAY BY AUGUST STRINDBERG: JULIE (ELSA-MARIANNE VON ROSEN) AND JEAN (JULIUS MENGARELLI).



"MISS JULIE," THE BALLET BASED ON STRINDBERG'S TRAGEDY: ELSA-MARIANNE VON ROSEN AS JULIE IN THE BALLET AFTER THE HUNT. THE SCENE IS SET IN 1880.



MISS JULIE, WHO HAS BROKEN OFF HER ENGAGEMENT TO A MAN OF RANK, MAKES ADVANCES TO HER FATHER'S VALET: ELSA-MARIANNE VON ROSEN AND JULIUS MENGARELLI.



IN HER COSTUME FOR "SWAN LAKE": ELSA-MARIANNE VON ROSEN, SEEN IN "MEDEA" AND "MISS JULIE" DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF THE SWEDISH BALLET'S LONDON SEASON.



THE PREMIERE DANSEUSE OF THE SWEDISH BALLET, WHOSE FOUR-WEEKS SEASON AT THE PRINCES THEATRE OPENED ON FEBRUARY 12: ELSA-MARIANNE VON ROSEN IN "LES SYLPHIDES."

The ballets chosen for representation during their four-weeks season at the Princes Theatre by the Swedish Ballet are all in the modern manner. For their opening programme from February 12 to 17 they gave two Brigit Cullberg ballets with very sombre and tragic themes. One was "Medea," based on the Greek tragedy of Euripides, danced to music by Bela Bartok, and the other was "Miss Julie," taken from August Strindberg's play, to music by Ture Rangstrom, orchestrated by Hans Grossman. For the second week they selected Brigit

Cullberg's "Stone Portal," based on Kafka's symbolic tragedy, "The Trial"—which presents a bewildered inhabitant of an "Iron Curtain" country. We give photographs of "Medea" and "Miss Julie," and also show Elsa-Marianne von Rosen, a natural blonde who looks equally beautiful in her brunette make-up as Medea, in costumes for classical ballets. The technique of the dancers is accomplished, but they tend to be more gymnastic than poetic in their movements. Brigit Cullberg, the choreographer, dances the rôle of the cook in "Miss Julie."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS is a week of nothing but dramatic violence and extreme dangers. But never twice in the same form; each novel might be taken as exemplifying its own brand of action-story. First, the really big stuff. "The Strange Land," by Ned Calmer (Cape; 12s. 6d.), is another war book—violence on the grand scale. The theme is a six-day fiasco on the Siegfried Line, in the last autumn of the war. It can't be called a large book—not for America, where the leviathans are bred; but it is large enough, and in essentials it is not new. In fact, we heard the same thing often from our own writers, in the war before last.

Briefly, its front-line soldiers are forgotten men, pawns in the game of sybarites and arrivistes who don't care what happens to them. The theory of Operation Uppercut is that the Germans are really finished; one push, and the whole Siegfried Line is in the bag. There are no grounds for this idea, the best informed have least faith in it, and at the moment flying conditions make it unverifiable. But General Mallon is resolved that so it must be. No matter that his troops, who are to form the spearhead, are completely worn out, and drastically under strength. They are his troops, and his will be the laurels; and as a business man, he "looks out for Number One."

The narrative is banded to and fro among a dozen people, each with his stream of consciousness. The General himself; a correspondent of the same kidney; a front-line captain and his three lieutenants, and a group of riflemen; the W.A.C. who loves Lieutenant Keith; and finally, the good and brave Major Harrod, an academic type who stands for Right Thinking. ("We've all got a better side, I don't care who we are. No, I'll dissociate the Nazis from that. What is it about the Germans that makes them unfailingly the best examples of everything evil?") Poor Harrod's "rescue" of the foreign workers is one of the live moments in the book, though it reveals him as a comic figure, which was not intended. But in the main, facility and orthodoxy blanket real life. As for the British, who are also involved in Uppercut—"I suppose," says one of the "good" characters, "our Limey friends are going to sit this one out?" This tone recurs throughout the book, and it is not endearing. And yet on second thoughts, we should be pleased; for all it would appear to mean is that the British generals object to throwing away lives.

"A Flame in the Air," by Allan Prior (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), is a first novel which I took to be American at first glance. The style has that veneer of bitter slickness—but the structure is not so good. It shows the prentice hand, as young Americans of talent contrive not to do. Yet I suspect this faultier beginning may be more hopeful.

At any rate, it has a gripping theme; it is a real horror story. The scene is a provincial town in the North, and the narrator, Robert Boot, writes for the wireless. He has proposed a script about a fire, and the producer thinks that they should choose some actual fire—make it a case-history. Boot takes this notion a step further, and suggests using the real people. He knows a couple who would do, and who might do it well. About a year ago, they had a fire in which their home was gutted and their baby killed. . . .

This calm proposal for an "entertainment" shocked me incredulous; it seemed impossible that he could really mean it. And it becomes more shocking all the time. Simon and Anna Caffery have gone to pieces in the last year. Though Boot and Simon know each other well, they had completely lost touch (this is a weak point in the narrative), and therefore Boot was quite unprepared. Simon, the go-ahead provincial glamour-boy, is drinking hard, and on the point of losing his job; Anna, the house-proud, fashionable Anna, has become a slut. Yet they agree to talk; and so—less oddly, for she is a muddle-headed, simple old woman—does Mrs. Stilwell, who was living on the ground floor. So by degrees we learn what happened to the child (which Boot, incredibly, knew all along) and what led up to it. I rather think Boot's visit to the Stilwells is the worst moment—yet I don't know; the shock survives the incredulity, and it is all ghastly.

It doesn't fill the whole book; there is a kind of sub-plot, clever but irrelevant. And the dramatic ending does not come off. But the essential theme is not just horror for its own sake; it is something deeper. This is the story of three people tempted by a cruel emergency, with no time for thought. Inevitably they have "been themselves," with such éclat that they can never go back on it. Yet—is it really fair after all?

"The Mississippi Hawk," by Oscar J. Friend (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), poses no problems and inflicts no pain; it is a good, old-fashioned, period romance. Young Allan Campbell is a planter's son in the Old South. One drunken night, he takes a pot-shot at a "skulker," who is found to have been Judge Hinson, and believed dead. So Allan flees down-river and acquires, at Natchez, a new identity. He finds his living image in a duellist who kills for pay, but always in fair fight; and chance removes this gallant scoundrel in the nick of time, so Allan takes on the rôle.

However, being a good young man, he is severely miscast. He has to turn on his employers, to out-Hawk the Hawk, and fight his way clear; and then the girl is won, and everything is fine and dandy. For of course the Judge came to life. A guileless, spirited adventure-book.

"A Village Afraid," by Miles Burton (Collins; 8s. 6d.), starts with the death of Mr. Norman Rother at his lone potatoes. His young wife says she was in bed asleep, but when it turns out to be poisoning she is the first suspect. However, all their set in Michelgreen are very jumpy; for a small place, it has a wonderful array of secrets. Then there are two outsiders, a mysterious caravanner and a buck-toothed clergyman; with old Josh at the pub, to let Inspector Arnold and his colleague into past history. The tale has a nice, healthy stodginess, but it has lots of problem, in a quiet way. And most exceptionally, there is no anti-climax. Both criminal and motive turn out to be good value.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOBLE ESSENCES—AND APPLE-SAUCE.

ONE of the major disadvantages of having a large number of books in London is that they have to be dusted. I try to make a point of doing one shelf a week. But it is easier said than done. You start off briskly enough—fluttering the pages, wielding the duster, blowing vigorously. And then you come across some book, an old favourite, which you haven't opened for years. You start to browse—and before long you are sitting in an armchair, duster neglected and self-imposed chores forgotten. It was in this way that I found myself deep in

a pile of those slight but delightful books, by Ronald Firbank, so highly esteemed by the aesthetes in my time at Oxford, and just about due for a revival now. By a curious chance I had just previously been reading the best of the very few extant sketches of Ronald Firbank himself in the final volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography, "Noble Essences or Courteous Revelations" (Macmillan; 21s.). I am an admirer of Firbank. As Sir Osbert says of any new book of his, it would be "a book so deliciously unlike any others in the world save his own." But until recently I knew very little about him, such knowledge as I had being drawn from the cruelly-kind part-portrait in Harold Nicolson's "Some People," where he appears under the name "Lambert Orme." Firbank, in the wholly friendly portrait drawn by Sir Osbert, was evidently as attractively fantastic as the characters in his remarkable novels. His painful shyness, which even affected his throat, so that he had difficulty in swallowing food—on one occasion eating nothing of a magnificent dinner prepared in his honour by a friend but one green pea!—was undoubtedly one clue to the eccentricities of this most interesting character. It is refreshing in an age of dreary denigration to find a book which is entirely composed of affectionate portraits—the affection shot through with wit and gentle irony, whether his subject is Sir Edmund Gosse or Rex Whistler (that charming genius self-sacrificed on the altar of war), Arnold Bennett, Sickert, D'Annunzio or Wilfred Owen. Owen, like Whistler, was sacrificed in a war—but in the earlier, more senseless, struggle. In the last war the poets were scarcely as appalled by the horrors of the conflict (which was indeed less horrific) as were those of Sir Osbert's generation. Nor did they, in the main, have the pacifist reaction which caused Owen to write: "Already I have comprehended a light which never will filter into the dogma of any national church; namely, that one of Christ's essential commands was: passivity at any price! Suffer dishonour and disgrace, but never resort to arms. Be bullied, be outraged, be killed; but do not kill." This was the reaction of a sensitive poet and a gallant officer to what was surely the last struggle in which it was possible to be a pacifist. But to-day in the vast conflicts which convulse the world "it is evil things we fight." I doubt if Owen, were he alive to-day, would advocate his pacifism towards the Soviets. In the Kaiser's war the threat was to the body. In Stalin's war, which, as Major-General J. F. C. Fuller points out in "How to Defeat Russia" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), it is the soul as well that is endangered. Better far to be dead than to live under the new Stalinist dispensation. General Fuller is always interesting and this little pamphlet is both stimulating and frightening. For, in order to be able to defeat Russia he presupposes two things—the ability of the West to conduct psychological warfare on a unified basis and the ability of the West to raise 100 divisions. To obtain those divisions—and they must be reliable—we must, he says, draw on hitherto untapped sources of man-power. These are Western Germany (but in rearming that country we shall, as usual, have done too little too late), Sweden (a gallant and well-equipped nation, but one which is so besotted with the idle hope of always being neutral that it seems doomed to play in the coming conflict the rôle of Norway or Holland in the last), Switzerland and Spain. As far as the last-named is concerned, General Fuller is, of course, right. Though ill-equipped, Spain has the best fighting army in Europe. It is the only one which has ever beaten Communism in the field, and, in the Pyrenees, it has the only barrier, other than the Channel, behind which the inevitably beaten armies of the West could find a breathing space to rally—if war broke out to-morrow. And yet, while we court a Power which until the other day was mining our warships and attacking our ally Greece, we lose no opportunity of insulting this potentially friendly nation.

A corrective, much needed after fifteen years of unceasing propaganda emanating from the Left, but swallowed by the Right, in this country, for many misconceptions about Spain is "Cinderella of Europe," by Sheila M. O'Callaghan (Skeffington; 12s. 6d.). The trouble is that anybody setting out to prove that white is white to an audience which for years has firmly believed that it was black, tends to overstate the case, to be a little strident in advocacy—and Miss O'Callaghan is no exception. Not everything in the Spanish, or any other, garden is lovely, and it weakens a strong case to suggest that it is. With the exception of this over-enthusiastic approach, however, this is a valuable book—not least for the historical section dealing with the events between the fall of the Monarchy in 1931 and the outbreak of the Civil War in 1936. For it is only against the background of the facts of that period that the inevitability of that terrible war can be understood. A useful and a challenging book.

To come nearer home, here are two books in the "Vision of England" Series. The first is "Warwickshire," by Tudor Edwards (Paul Elek; 15s.). Warwickshire is, of course, "a natural" in any series which has a territorial basis, containing, as it does, "the Shakespeare country"; and Mr. Tudor Edwards does full justice to it from the historical point of view. Warwickshire is also, however, one of the great industrial counties of England, and to stress the historical while neglecting the commercial importance of, for example, such a vital, if hideous, city as Coventry, is to give even the tourist an unbalanced picture. On the other hand, Ralph Lawrence in "Surrey" (Paul Elek; 15s.)—as charming a book as Mr. Edwards's—does much to correct the impression that that county is now dedicated solely to "City gents" and "stockbroker-Jacobethan" architecture.

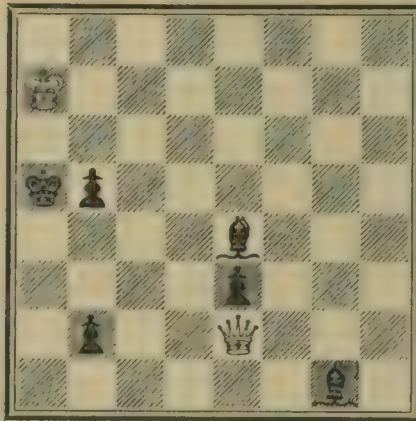
E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

GLOATING was Wutt's weakness, and poor Smings was certainly going through it now.

(WUTT, BLACK.)



(SMINGS, WHITE.)

"One more triumph of mind over matter," said Wutt. "On a mere material basis your queen is worth all the stuff I have on the board, but look how perfectly my pieces are placed. How can you stop my knight's pawn queening? If you check me with your queen, I simply go . . . P-Kt5 and you can have my bishop and welcome. I queen next move. If you capture my Kt7 pawn, I reply . . . P-K7 and, by the way, Smings, I should have perhaps warned you before that this is a check, and by the time you have seen to the safety of your king my other pawn will be duly home." We had a lot of faith in Smings, whose ingenuity in getting out of tight corners had become proverbial in the club, but this time he seemed to have tempted fate too far. "Well, I suppose there is nothing better, but I play 1. QxKtP," he mourned. The reply came in a crash: 1 . . . P-K7ch; and Smings played 2. K-Kt8. Wutt, with the air of a connoisseur of fine art, selected a queen from the array of odd pieces round the board, deposited it on his K8 and only then removed his pawn.

Smings picked up his queen and placed it on his QB3: "Check!" He leaned back. His mien had subtly changed. It would have taken a keen ear to detect the undertone of triumph in his voice as he said: "It is a shame to have to concede a draw in such a position, but I suppose I had better wind up the game quickly and be getting home. I think you have to take my queen and give stalemate." To say that Wutt was gaddfascinated would be a sesquipedalianism. "You can't do it," he shouted. "I have never been swindled so shamefully. You must admit you were completely whacked. Look here, let us go back a move. I have played this whole game in a spirit of daring sacrifice. If I had continued in the same way to the end and thrown you a bishop by 2. . . . B-R2ch I could have queened next move and won with ease." "Very well," said Smings, "I should reply to . . . B-R2ch with 3. KxB of course. You now go 3. . . . P-K8 (queening). Well then I mate you by 4. Q-R3." "Good heavens," said Wutt, "I suppose I should have gone 2. . . . B-R7ch instead." Smings: "O.K. then, 3. K-B8." Wutt: "Now I get my queen. What can you do now?" Smings: "4. Q-Q2ch, of course. Another stalemate!" "Curse it! Caught again; I ought to have given another check. Please allow me. The game was really mine, you must admit. Instead of 3. . . . P-K8, I must play 3. . . . B-B4ch then. Your king must move 4. K-Q8, all your tricks are confounded, and now I play 4. P-K8 (queening), and even you, Smings, must admit you have no answer to that?" Smings rose, gazed down at the board with a queer look and put on his coat and hat before playing 5. QxPch, and wandered from the room.

Wutt has never been the same since.

(Any resemblance of the characters in this episode to living personages is inconceivable.)

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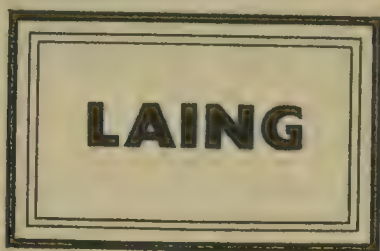
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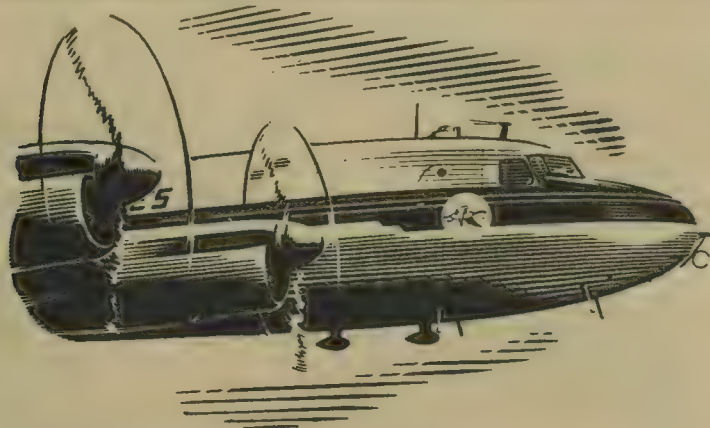
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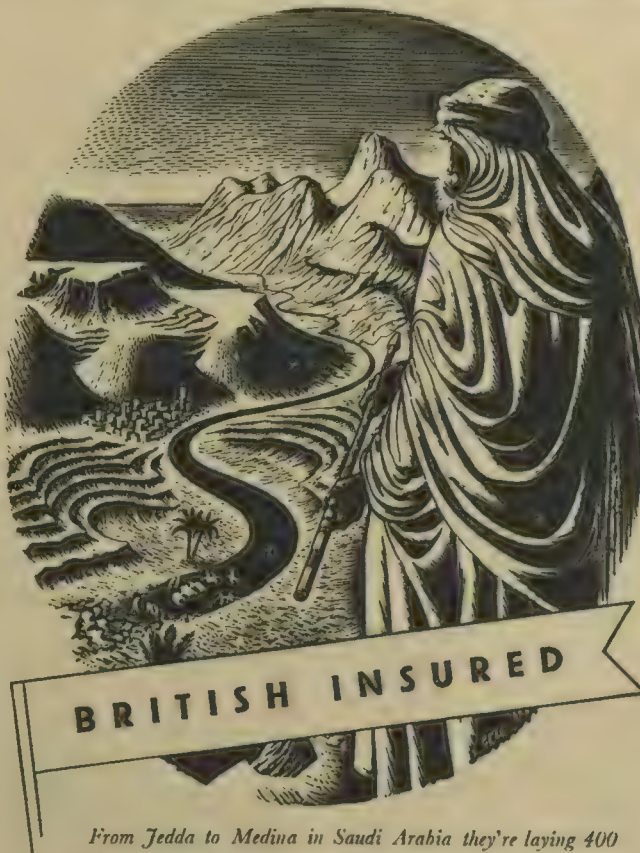


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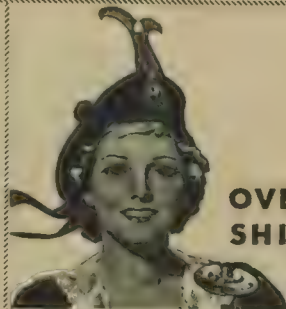
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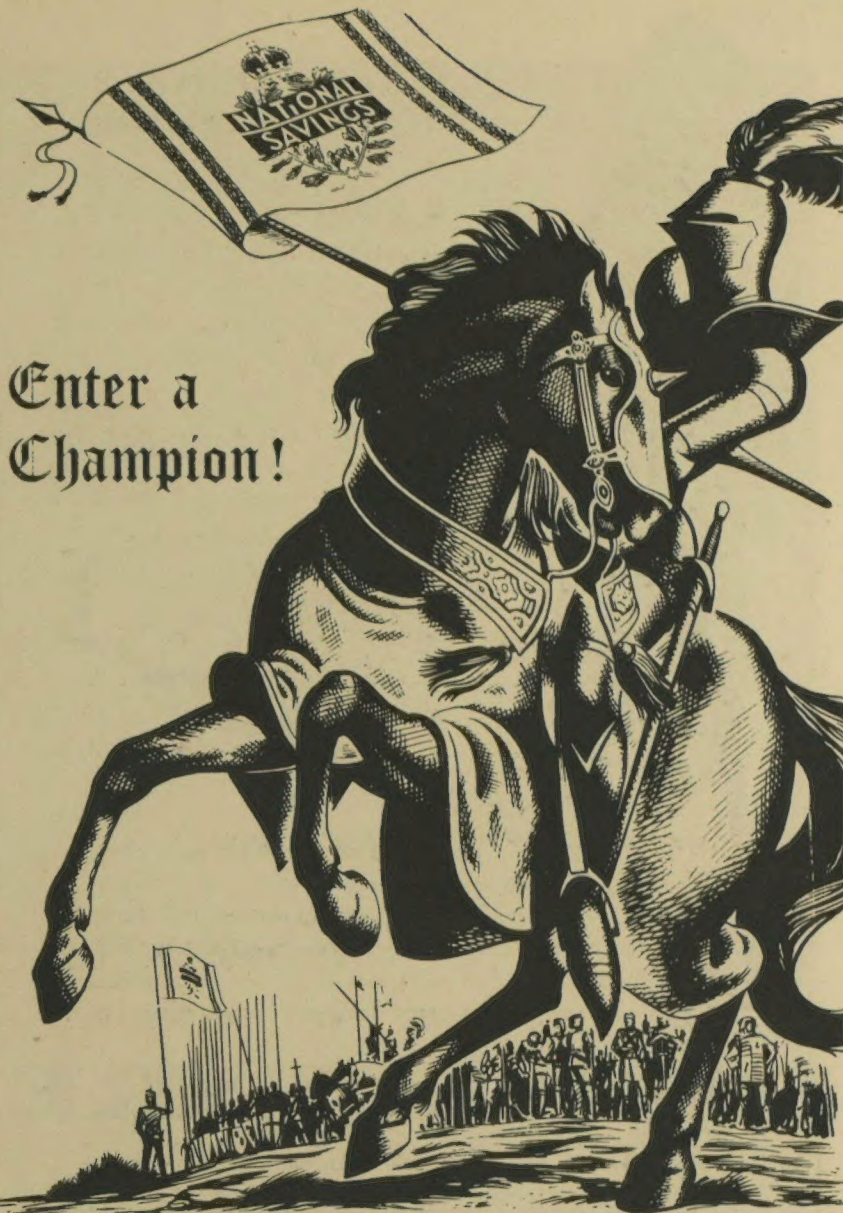
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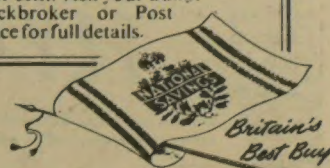
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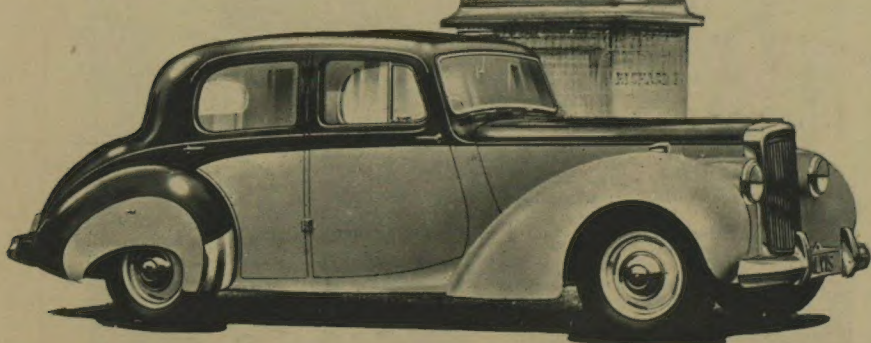


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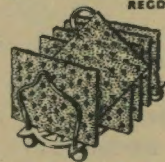
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